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68 PAGE MAGAZINE 68

No. 23

**DYNAMIC**

**COMICS**

**DARING CRIME CASES**





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# SAVE MONEY-SAVE TIME

## New Easy Way

### MAKES BUTTON HOLES

#### ON YOUR OWN SEWING MACHINE

MY! BUT IT'S EXPENSIVE TO HAVE BUTTON-HOLES MADE.

122¢ PLEASE



WHAT YOU NEED IS A BUTTON-HOLE MAKER LIKE THIS... IT COSTS ONLY 1.00 AND FITS ON YOUR SEWING MACHINE - AND IT'S SO SIMPLE TO OPERATE!



THIS IS MARVELOUS! FROM NOW ON I'LL MAKE ALL MY OWN BUTTON-HOLES



JUST LOOK AT ALL THESE BUTTON-HOLES I MADE! AND IT WAS REALLY FUN.

I KNEW YOU'D LOVE IT! AND YOU CAN DARN HOSE AND SEW ON BUTTONS & ZIPPERS WITH IT.

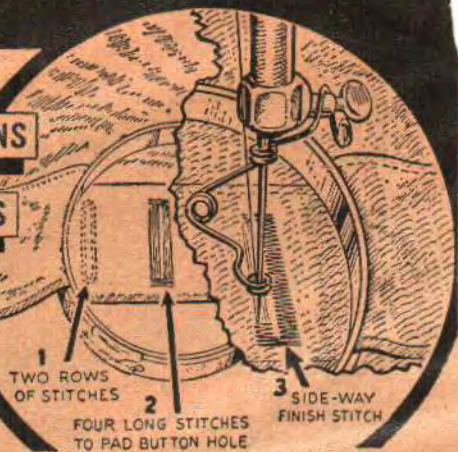


SEW ON BUTTONS

DARN STOCKINGS

ATTACH ZIPPERS

MEND TEARS



**NEW! IMPROVED! NOTHING LIKE IT!** **2 for 1 offer \$1.00** Now only **\$1.00**

Once dreaded by every woman, now sensational new invention makes button-hole making as easy as basting a hem. Twice as neat results in half the time too! Fits any sewing machine ... attaches in a moment. In our wonderful offer you get not one ... but TWO of these valuable attachments. Simple to use. Complete with hoop for darning stockings, button-hole guide and easy directions in pictures. Test at our risk.

#### EXTRA... NEEDLE THREADER

Prompt action brings you marvelous time-saving, eye-saving needle threader. Write today!

#### SEND NO MONEY • ORDER NOW

Just send your name. When you receive your new improved button-hole attachment and gift needle threader, deposit only \$1.00 plus C.O.D. charges thru postman on guarantee if you aren't delighted, you may return for one dollar refund. Or send cash with order, we pay postage Special ... 3 sets for \$2.50 NOW. Mail your name and address to:

#### RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY

**LONDON SPECIALTIES, Dept. 175**  
**8505 S. Phillips, Chicago, Illinois**

Send my Button Hole Maker and Extra Needle Threader at once! On arrival I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus postage, or 3 for just \$2.50 plus postage. (Cash orders sent prepaid.) If not delighted, I may return in 10 days for money back.

Name.....

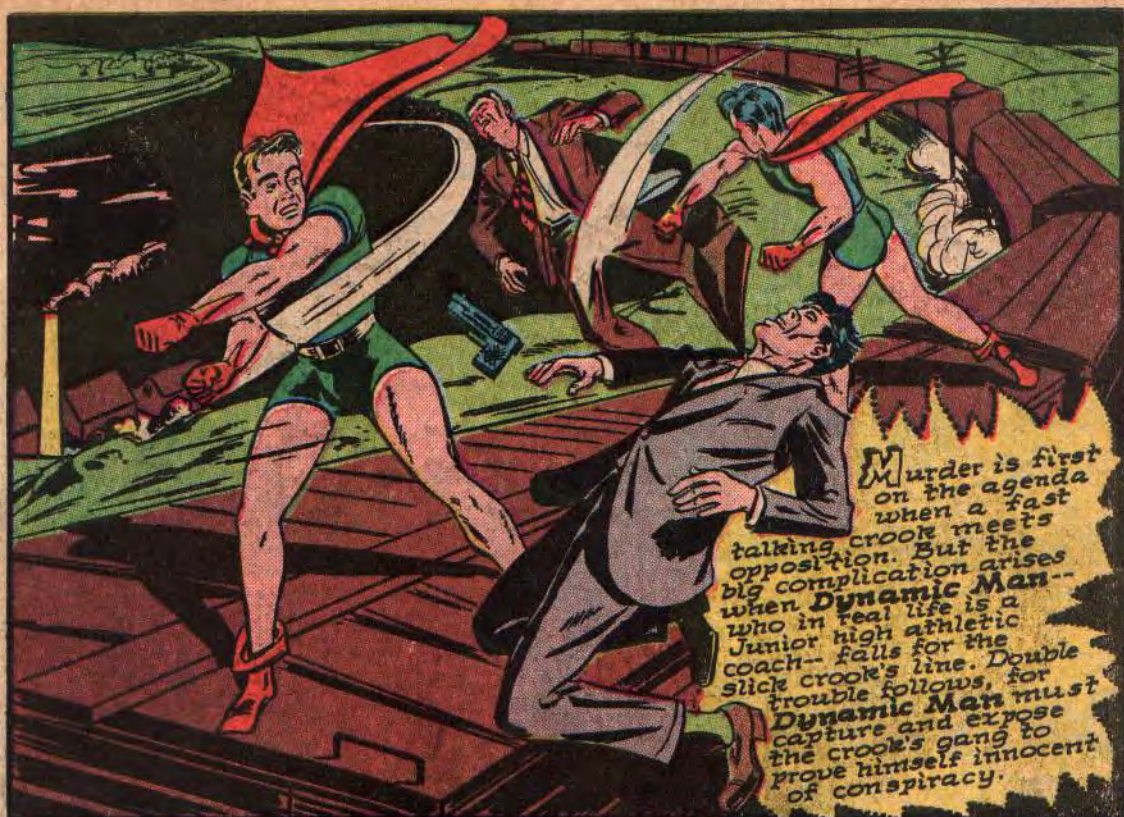
Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

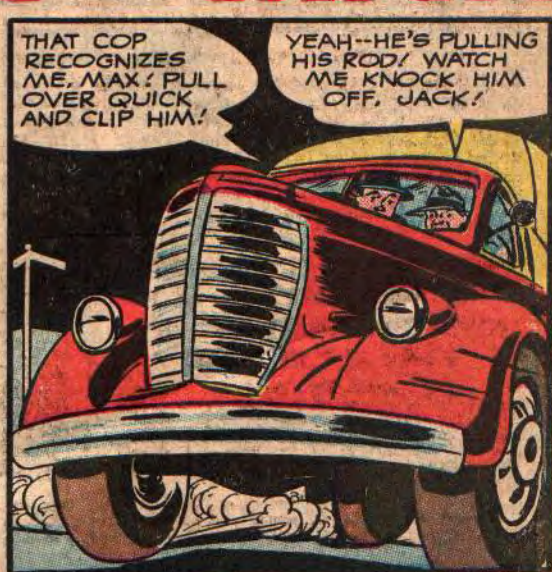
#### LONDON SPECIALTIES

Dept. 175 8505 S. Phillips Ave., Chicago 17, Ill.

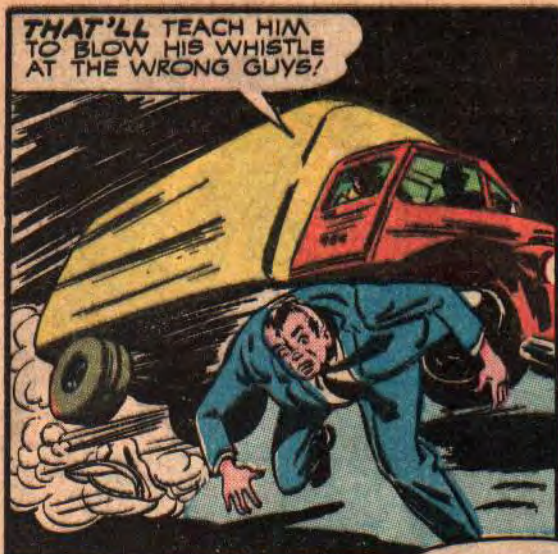




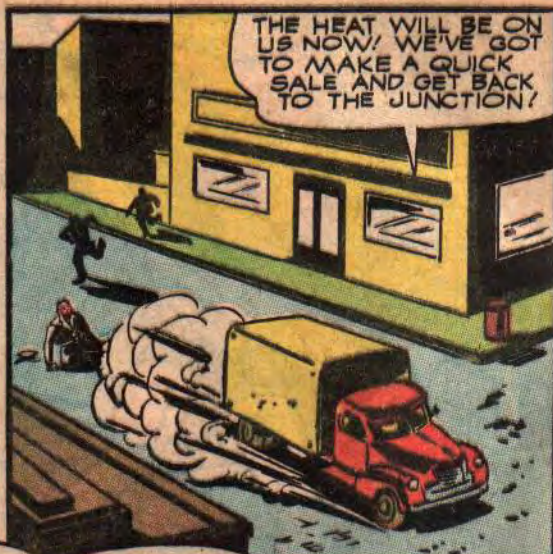
# DYNAMIC MAN







THAT'LL TEACH HIM TO BLOW HIS WHISTLE AT THE WRONG GUYS!



THE HEAT WILL BE ON US NOW! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A QUICK SALE AND GET BACK TO THE JUNCTION!



MY BOSS SAW YOU HIT. HE'S PHONING FOR THE AMBULANCE! YOU HURT BAD?

YEAH--BOTH LEGS! MY SIDE HURTS WHEN I BREATHE!



IF I PASS OUT BEFORE THEY COME, TELL 'EM JACK YOLAND WAS IN THE TRUCK THAT HIT ME!

YOLAND? HE WAS IN THAT JAIL BREAK LAST WEEK! HE'S A DANGEROUS HOODLUM!



GO UP A COUPLE OF STREETS AND PARK WHERE YOU WON'T DRAW ATTENTION! I'LL MEET YOU SOON AS I GET THE COACH TO SIGN!



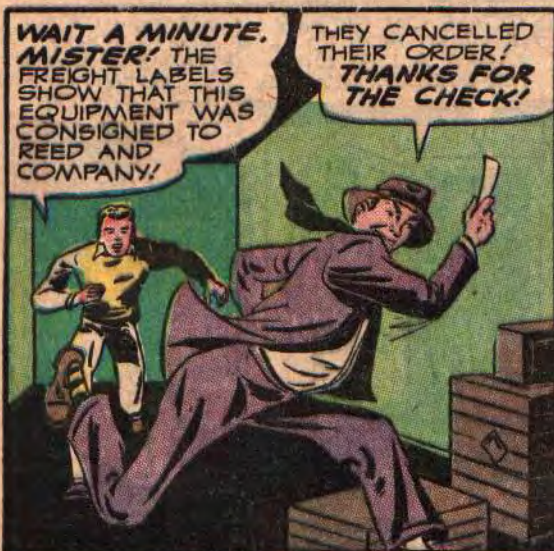
COACH! THERE'S AN ODD LOOKIN' DUCK DOWN IN THE OFFICE. WANTS TO SEE YOU!

OKAY, RICKY. I'LL SEE HIM. GET BACK INTO PRACTICE!

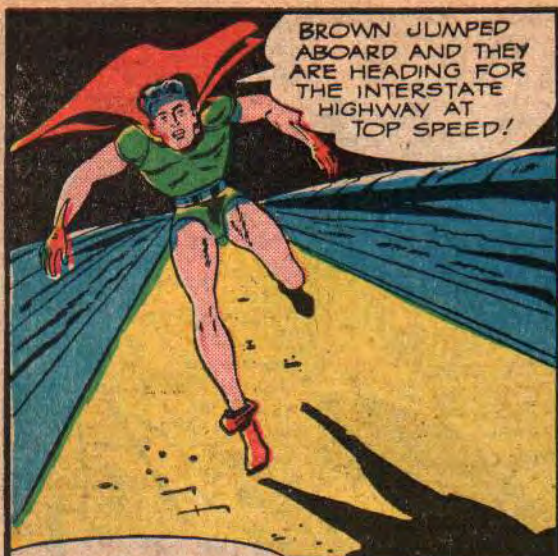


I'M ALWAYS AFRAID SOMEONE WILL DISCOVER THAT COACH AND I ARE DYNAMIC MAN AND DYNAMIC BOY!

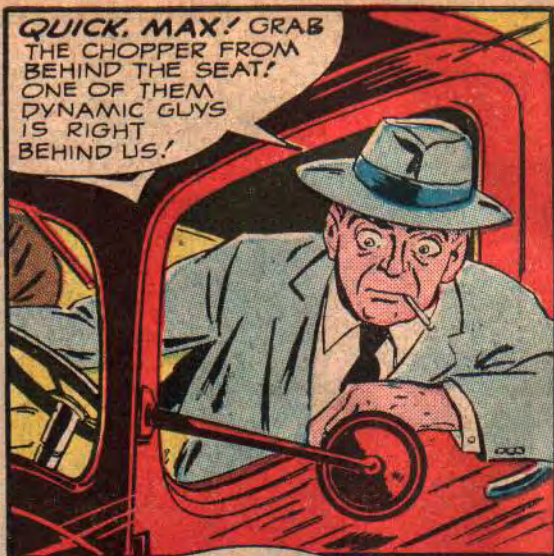








BROWN JUMPED ABOARD AND THEY ARE HEADING FOR THE INTERSTATE HIGHWAY AT TOP SPEED!



QUICK, MAX! GRAB THE CHOPPER FROM BEHIND THE SEAT! ONE OF THEM DYNAMIC GUYS IS RIGHT BEHIND US!



YEAH-IT'S DYNAMIC BOY! I'LL MAKE A SIEVE OUTTA HIM! HE MUSTA GOT A TIP ON US FROM THE COPS!



HELLO, COACH! I GOT TOO CLOSE. THE DRIVER SEES ME IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR. OH--OH! BROWN HAS A TOMMYGUN. HE'S--

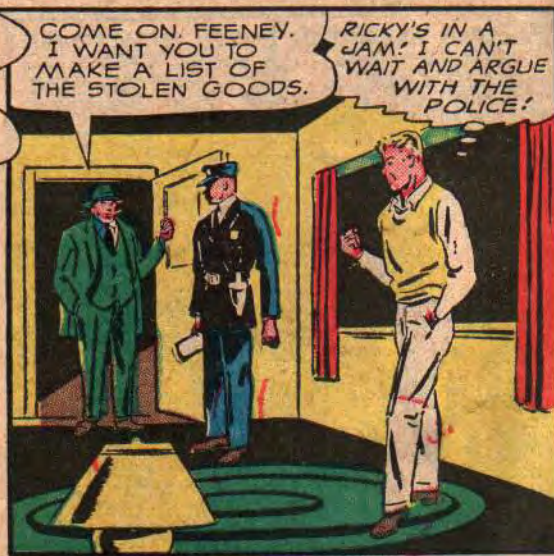


OKAY, COACH! WHERE'S THAT PHONE? WHO WAS TALKIN' JUST THEN?

WHY, ER-- SOME KID UP IN THE GYM PUTTING ON AN ACT. VOICE CAME THROUGH THE VENTILATOR DUCT!



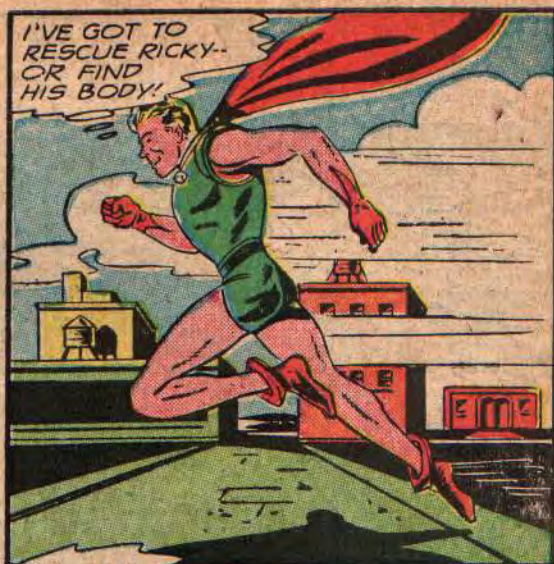
NO TIME TO BE FUNNY! THE OFFICER THEY HIT WITH THE TRUCK DIED OF INTERNAL INJURIES! MAYBE YOLAND GAVE YOU A CUT FOR OKAYING THE PURCHASE OF THAT STOLEN EQUIPMENT!



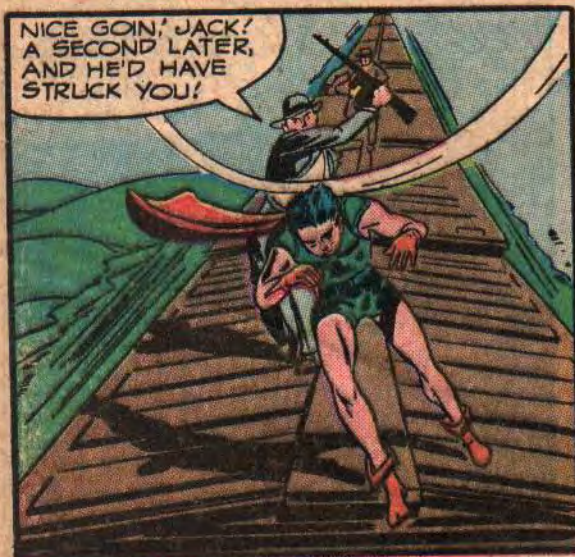
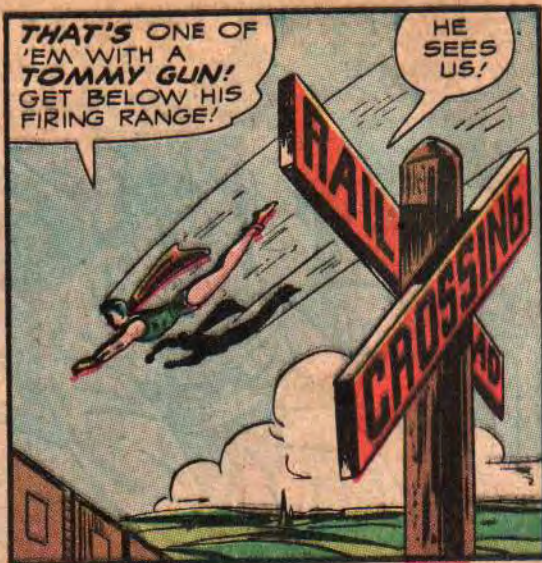
COME ON, FEENEY. I WANT YOU TO MAKE A LIST OF THE STOLEN GOODS.

RICKY'S IN A JAM! I CAN'T WAIT AND ARGUE WITH THE POLICE!













YOU'RE NOT  
STEALING THESE  
DRUGS—OR A  
RIDE! GET OUT  
AND WALK,  
BUM!

HEY!  
LAY OFF!  
GRAB ME!  
I SLIPPED!



THEY HEARD HIS YELL!  
I'VE GOT TO CLOSE  
IN ON 'EM FAST!

DROP YOUR GUNS,  
GENTS! YOU'RE GOING  
TO TRADE 'EM WITH THE  
COPS FOR STEEL  
BRACELETS!



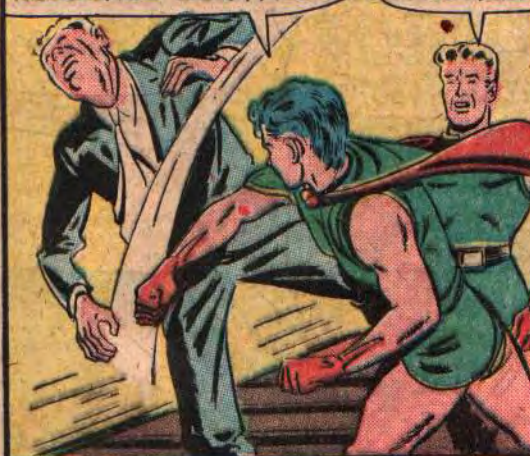
WHEW! I CAME OUT  
OF THE FOG JUST IN  
TIME. AND THE TRAIN  
IS SWITCHING INTO  
A SIDING!



LOOK, FEENEY--  
ON THE TOPS!  
DYNAMIC MAN  
AND HIS KID BROTHER  
CAUGHT 'EM!



THE INSPECTOR WILL  
FIND ALL THE EVIDENCE  
HE NEEDS BUT HE MIGHT  
RECOGNIZE OUR FACES!



BACK TO  
THE GYM.  
I NEED A  
SHOWER!

COACH! I OWE  
YOU AN APOLOGY!  
THE POLICE JUST  
PHONED AND--

WE HEARD THE  
NEWS ALREADY.  
SIR, DYNAMIC  
MAN STOPPED  
BY TO TELL US!





# Yankee Girl

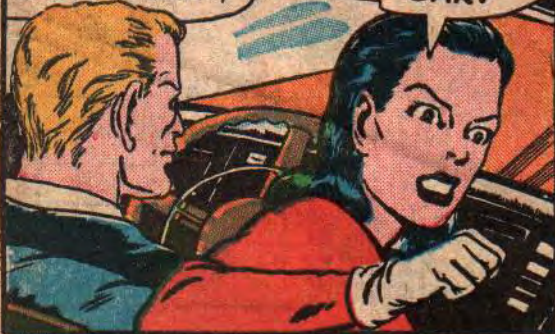


How could a grisly menace stem from the social set's annual cat show? At the risk of her life, Lauren Mason darts forth as **Yankee Girl** to defy the feline fury that spells death to dowagers and prize persian pets!

Lauren Mason and her fiance, Dr. Corey Habot, drive home from a matinee.

MUST YOU DRAG ME TO THAT CAT SHOW TONIGHT?

LOOK OUT! STOP THE CAR!



REFUSE TO ACCEPT MY ENTRIES, EH? AFRAID MY CATS WOULD WIN, HUH? I'LL KILL YOU!

DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH ME! HELP!







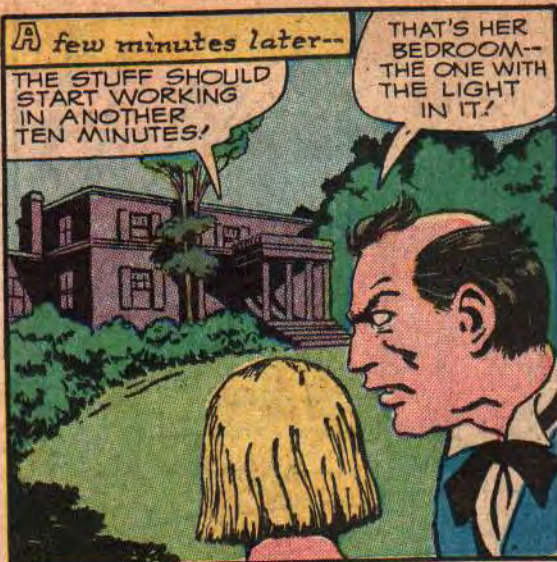




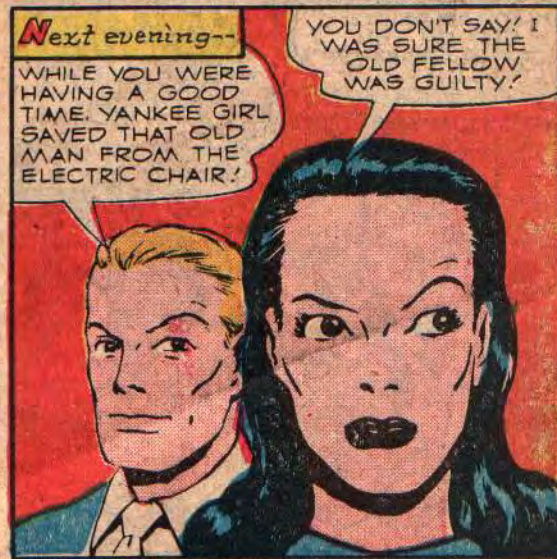
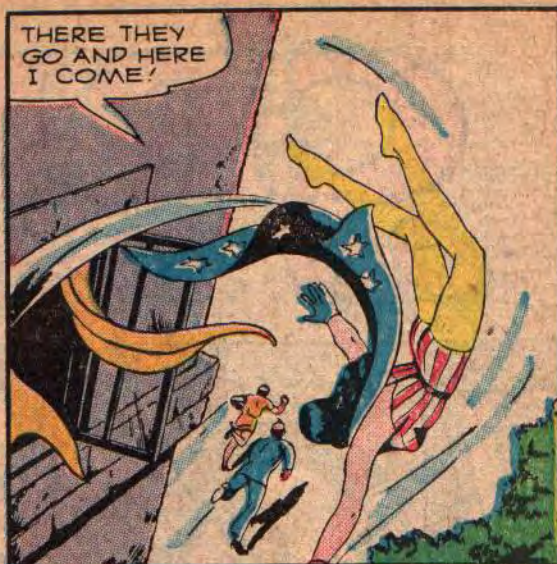






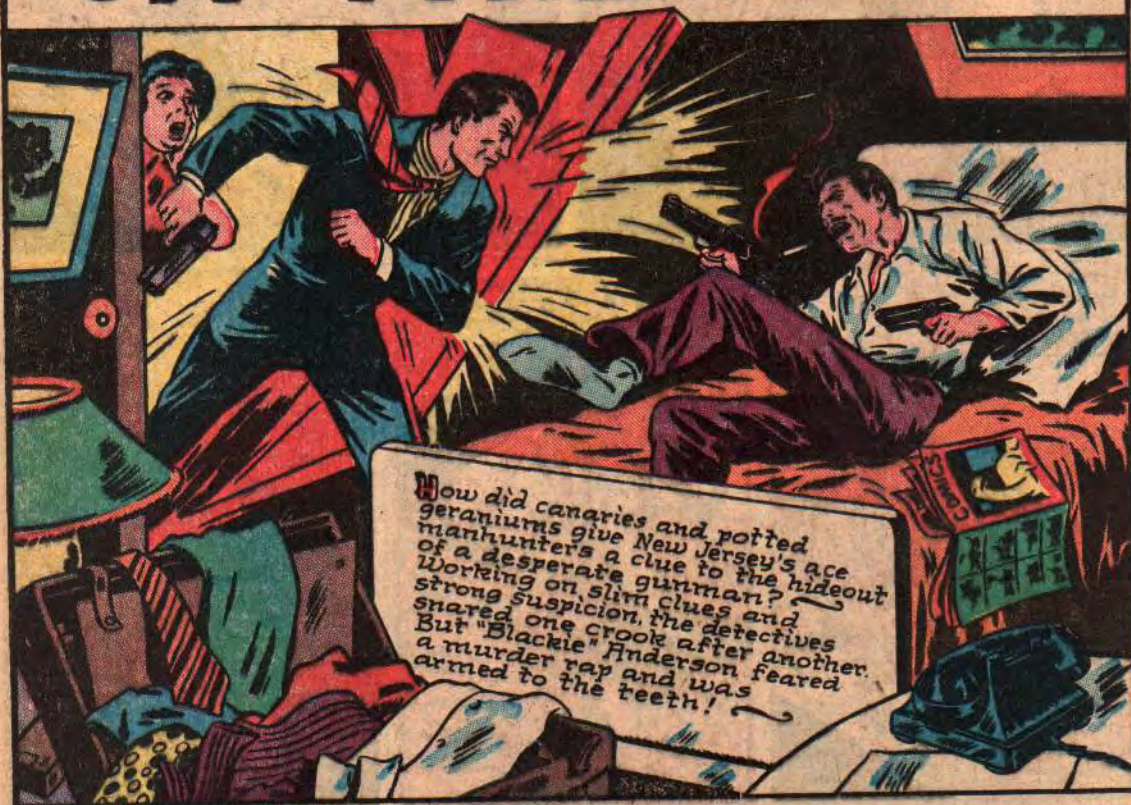








# CRIME ON THE RUN



HOW'D YOU LIKE A CUT OF TEN GRAND, GRAY? I'VE LINED UP A NIFTY STICKUP!

I COULD USE THE DOUGH. I AIN'T HAD EASY PICKIN'S DRIVIN' A CAB HERE IN NEWARK!



WE NEED A COUPLE OF SMART KIDS TO PULL THE JOB. KNOW ANY?

SURE, CHARLIE! I'LL GET "WHITEY" WARCHOLE OVER HERE!











The following evening--

OKAY, BOYS. MOSEY INTO THE GARAGE AND STICK UP THE DRIVERS AS THEY PULL IN!

SIGNAL US WITH THE HORN IF A COPPER SHOWS UP!



TRUCK COMIN' IN NOW. WAIT TILL HE SHUTS OFF HIS IGNITION. BLACKIE!

THIS IS A CINCH--! NOBODY'S AROUND!



KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT AND HAND OVER THAT DOUGH!

HEY! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

WE AIN'T GONNA HURT YUH UNLESS YUH SQUAWK!



I'LL HELP YUH TIE HIM UP! HE HAD OVER A HUNNERT BUCKS.



THAT'S STRANGE! I HEARD A TRUCK PULL IN. WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DRIVER?



HEY! THIS GUY MUST BE THE CASHIER! UP WITH YOUR MITTS, MISTER!

I'LL GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS. WE'LL TAKE WHAT HE'S GOT IN THE OFFICE LATER!



HEY! WHAT THE DEVIL IS GOING ON HERE?



DROP THAT  
GUN, YOU  
HALFWIT!

YOU WANNA MAKE  
TROUBLE, HUH?  
WE AIN'T HAVIN'  
ANY, MISTER!



I HAD TO DO  
IT, BLACKIE. HE  
WAS COMIN'  
FOR ME!

YA ONLY GOT  
HIM IN  
THE LEG!



WHAT  
WENT  
WRONG,  
WHITEY?

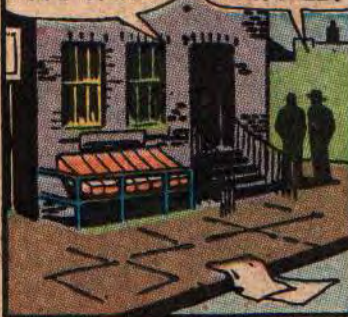
STEP ON IT,  
WILL YUH?  
I HAD TO  
PLUG THE  
GUY. WE  
DIDN'T GET  
A DIME!



45 minutes after the  
holdup, detectives went  
to Albert Gray's residence--

IF WITNESSES  
GOT THE  
LICENSE  
NUMBER  
RIGHT, WE  
SHOULD FIND  
GRAY HERE!

HE REGISTERED  
HIS CAR FROM  
THIS ADDRESS,  
BUT HE  
MIGHT  
HAVE  
SKIPPED.



YOU'RE ALBERT  
GRAY, HUH?  
COME ALONG  
WITH US. WE  
WANT TO KNOW  
ABOUT THE  
HOLDUP OVER  
ON MT. PLEASANT.

HOLDUP?  
WHY, I  
JUST  
GOT  
HOME.  
MY LAST  
FARE  
WENT  
TO THE  
STATION.



Gray was released after questioning,  
but next day, a new lead appeared--

--AND THERE WAS  
CHARLIE CLARK.  
WORKED HERE  
THIRTY YEARS. HAD TO  
FIRE HIM BECAUSE HE  
DRANK. HE'D NEVER  
ROB, THOUGH.

OH, YEAH? WE'LL  
LOOK HIM  
UP ANYWAY!



HEADING FOR THE  
HOUSE WHERE GRAY  
LIVES. MAYBE YOU  
KNOW HIM, CLARK.  
COME ALONG WITH  
ME TO HEADQUARTERS.

YOU-- YOU  
MUST'VE MADE  
A MISTAKE.  
MY NAME'S  
CLARK BUT--





*But Clark was soon at headquarters!*

GRAY AND ME  
DIDN'T HAVE GUNS.  
WHITEY AND  
BLACKIE DID ALL  
THE SHOOTIN'!

**LOCK HIM UP!**  
WE'VE GOT TO  
NAB WHITEY AND  
HIS PAL BEFORE  
THEY SKIP TOWN.



YEAH-- I SEEN  
WHITEY. HE WUZ  
TOTIN' TWO RODS  
AN' SWEARIN' HE'D  
BLOW THE BRAINS  
OUTTA ANY COP  
WHO TRIED TO  
PICK HIM UP!

THANKS. MAYBE  
WE'LL FIND HIM  
AT THE RAILROAD  
STATION!



**STEP ON IT!** I'VE  
A HUNCH WE'LL SPOT  
WHITEY DOWN BY  
PENN STATION!



**THAT'S WHITEY!**  
DROP MANNING  
AND ME OFF AHEAD  
OF HIM AND WE'LL  
COME BACK  
TOWARD HIM ON  
OPPOSITE SIDES.



IT'S LUCKY HE  
DOESN'T KNOW  
ME. I DON'T  
THINK HE'S  
SUSPICIOUS  
YET!



WHY-- YOU  
LOUSY  
COPPER!  
LET GO  
OF ME!!

I'M LETTING  
GO AT YOU,  
WHITEY!



**SLUG HIM  
AGAIN, JOE!**  
WE'LL PIN HIM  
DOWN AND TAKE  
HIS ARTILLERY!





**Whitey broke down at headquarters--**

THE MEN YOU PUNKS  
SHOT IS DYING. IF  
WE DON'T FIND  
BLACKIE, YOU'LL  
TAKE THE  
RAP ALONE!

I DUNNO  
EXACTLY WHERE  
BLACKIE LIVES.  
AROUND GREEN  
STREET. THERE'S  
CANARIES AND  
GERANIUMS IN  
THE FRONT  
WINDOW!



THINK HE WAS  
LYING ABOUT  
THE CANARIES?  
SOUNDED  
FISHY TO ME!

**NO--LOOK!**  
THERE THEY  
ARE, CANARIES  
AND GERANIUMS!  
TAKE IT EASY  
NOW, MEN!



YES, I HAVE  
A ROOMER  
BY THAT NAME.  
HE'S LEAVING  
TONIGHT. I  
THINK HE'S  
LYING DOWN  
NOW!

KNOCK ON  
HIS DOOR.  
TELL HIM  
YOU'VE  
GOT  
CLEAN  
TOWELS  
FOR HIM.



PUT 'EM ON  
THE BUREAU.  
I'M LYIN'  
DOWN!

**READY  
NOW.**  
SOON  
AS SHE  
STEPS OUT--



NO YUH  
DON'T.  
COPPERS!

GET YOUR  
HANDS UP,  
BLACKIE!  
THERE'S THREE  
OF US. YOU  
HAVEN'T GOT  
A CHANCE!



I'VE GOT HIS RODS.  
GIVE HIM ANOTHER  
MOUTHFUL OF  
KNUCKLES BEFORE  
YOU PUT THE  
BRACELETS  
ON HIM!

**WITH  
PLEASURE!**



Whitey and Blackie each received twelve year prison terms. Clark was sentenced to eight years. Gray got off with two years. The victim of the shooting lost his leg, but survived luckily enough.



# IMA SLOTH

**STOP IT!**  
YOU'VE GOT  
**ME** DOING  
IT NOW!

MIGHT AS WELL  
GO TO THE DOGS  
AND BET A COUPLA  
BISCUITS!

**Dog  
Races**

Box Office

HELLO,  
PINKY!  
HOW--???

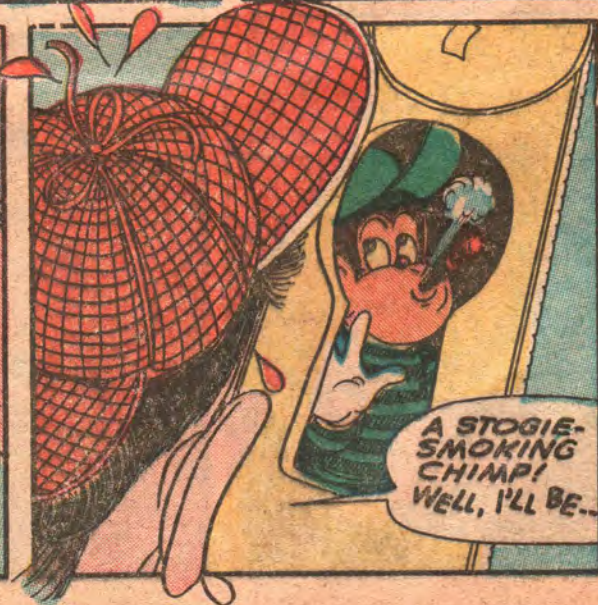
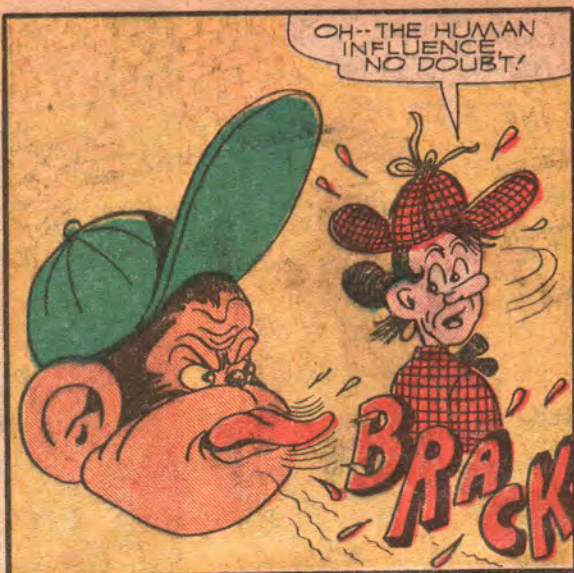
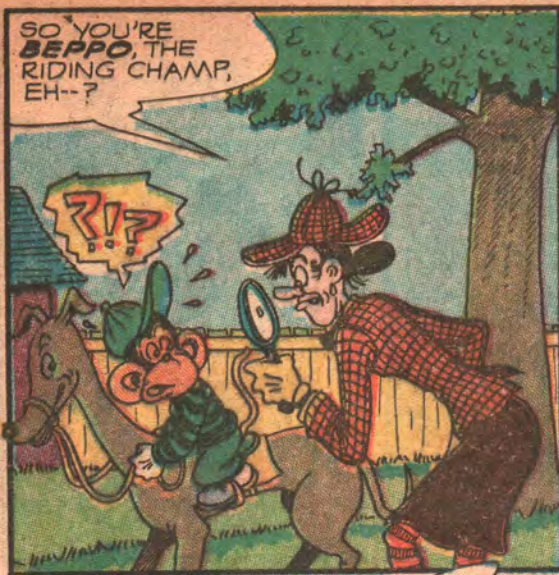
JUST A  
MINNIT  
IMA! WHERE  
IS YER  
TICKET?

DON'T I GET ANY  
**PROFESSIONAL**  
COURTESY AROUND  
HERE, YOU **LIVER-  
BRAINED**  
**BLOODHOUND!**

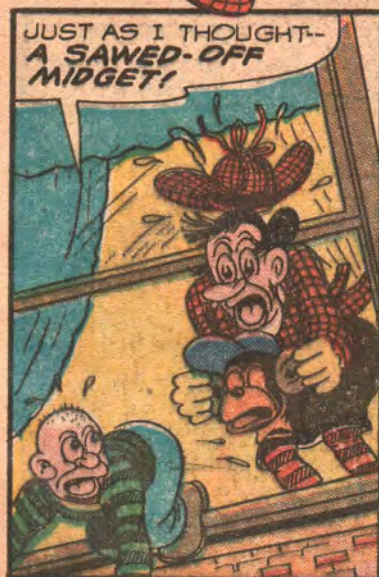
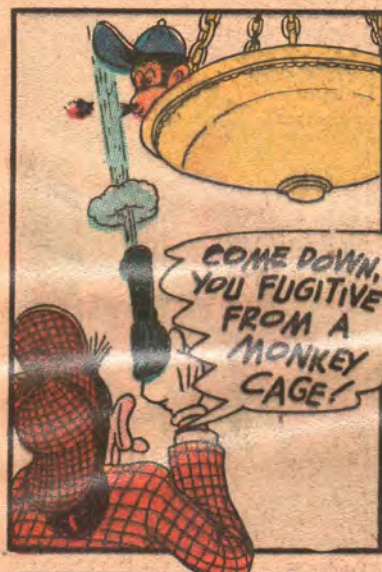
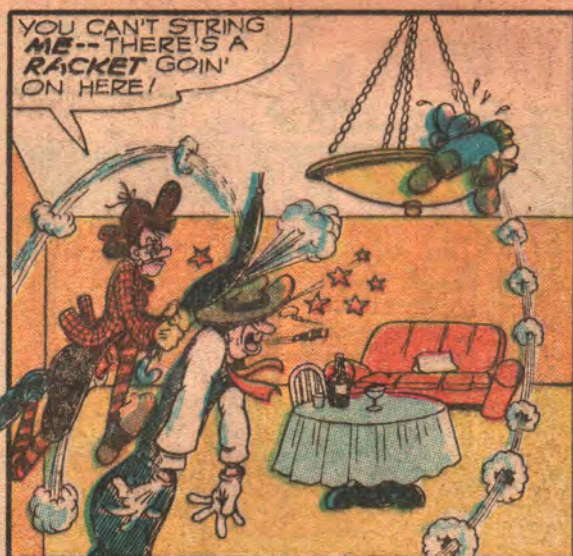




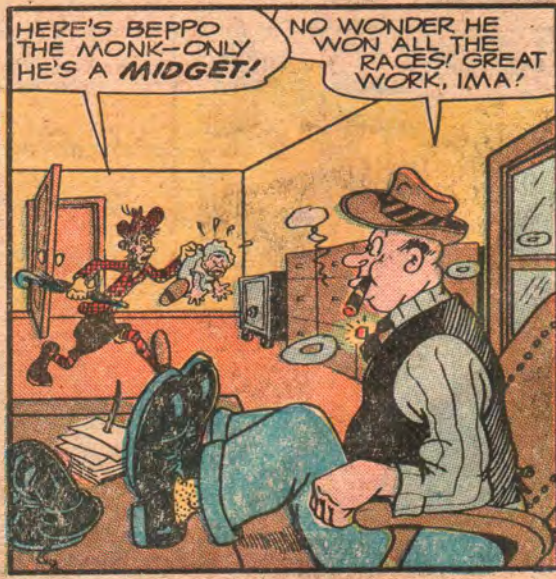
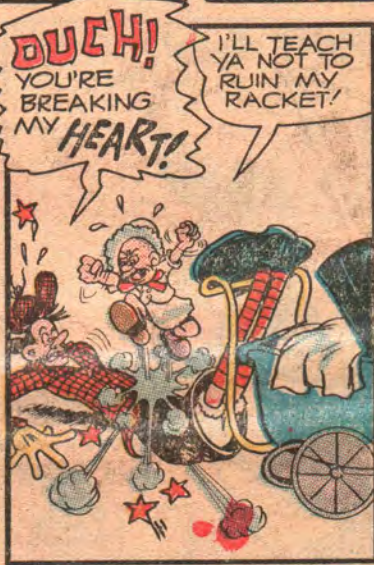










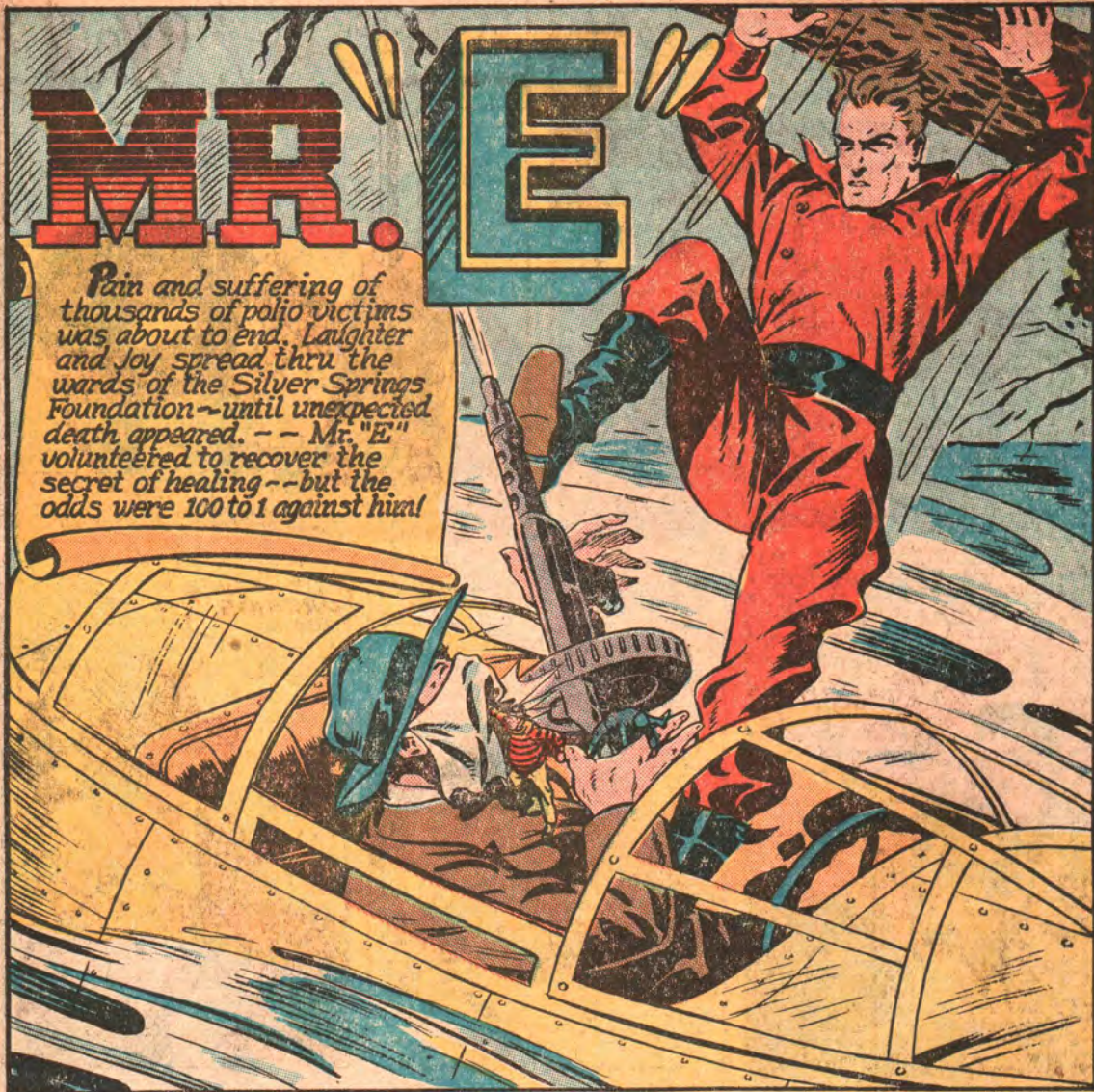




# MR.

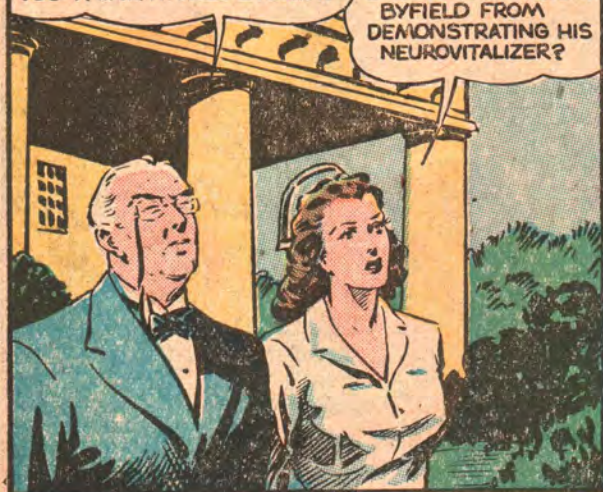
# E

*Pain and suffering of thousands of polio victims was about to end. Laughter and joy spread thru the wards of the Silver Springs Foundation—until unexpected death appeared. — Mr. "E" volunteered to recover the secret of healing—but the odds were 100 to 1 against him!*



PROFESSOR BYFIELD IS DUE HERE ANY MOMENT. YOU THINK IT WILL STORM?

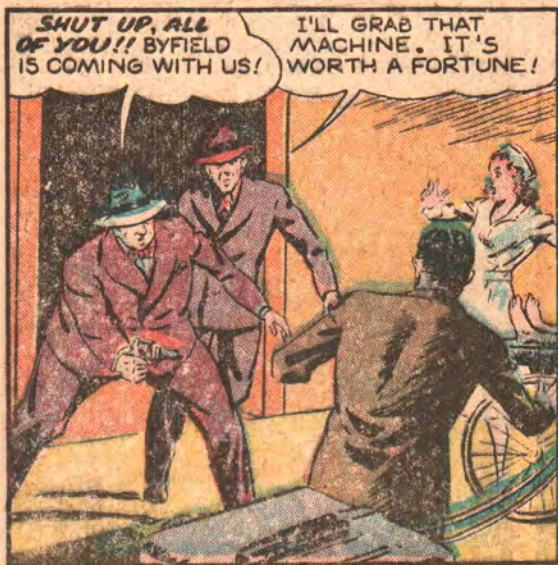
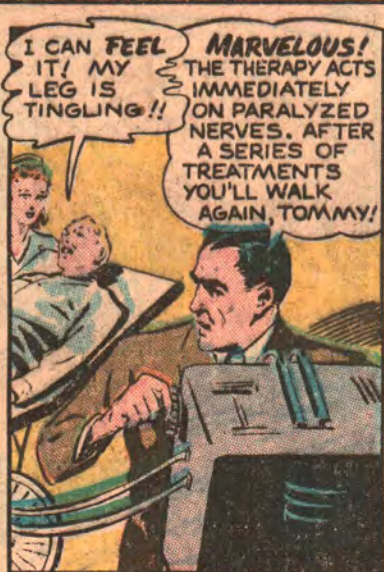
IT LOOKS DARK, DR. GLADWYN. BUT WHY SHOULD RAIN PREVENT BYFIELD FROM DEMONSTRATING HIS NEUROVITALIZER?



HA-HA-HA! IT WILL BE FAIR WEATHER FOR THE FOUL PLAY OF FIENDS, MY DEAR DOCTOR!













An hour after dawn...

SPIKE AND I  
WILL SNOOP AROUND  
WHILE YOU'RE GETTING  
THE FACTS INSIDE, MR. "E".

THESE FOOTPRINTS  
ARE A DAY OLD, SPIKE,  
BUT THEY CAN TELL US  
THINGS THE DETECTIVES  
WOULD NEVER DISCOVER.

THE DEEP MARKS  
WERE MADE BY  
PROF. BYFIELD.  
HE'S BIG AND  
HEAVY.

I'D MAKE A BETTER  
COP THAN YOU, TIM  
SEE WHAT HAPPENED  
HERE?

YES--AND THE  
KILLERS HAD  
PARKED THEIR  
CAR BY THAT TREE.  
I'LL RUN AND TELL  
MR. "E"!

WE'RE AFTER THREE  
KILLERS, NOT TWO  
CHIEF! LET'S HEAD  
FOR THE NEAREST  
LAKE OR RIVER.

WHO-WHAT  
WAS THAT  
LITTLE CREATURE,  
MR. "E"??

LOOKED LIKE A  
DOLL OR A  
PUPPET--ONLY  
IT WAS ALIVE!

I DIDN'T SEE A THING,  
DR. CARLSON. THANKS FOR  
THE INFORMATION ABOUT  
BYFIELD AND HIS  
KIDNAPERS. DON'T  
PAY THE RANSOM.

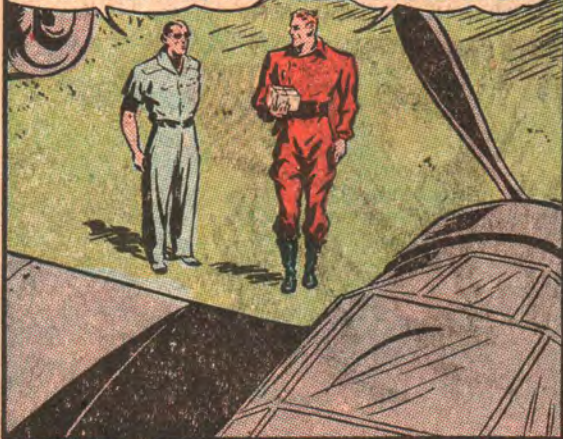
THE KILLERS DEMAND  
A HALF MILLION RANSOM  
FOR THE RELEASE OF  
BYFIELD AND HIS  
NEUROVITALIZER.

WHAT'S THE  
LOWDOWN, MR. "E"?  
WE'RE GOING TO  
CHARTER A PLANE  
AT THE NEAREST  
AIRPORT.



YOU-YOU'VE GOT A **HALF MILLION** IN THAT PACKAGE? WH-WHERE YOU MAKIN' THE PAYOFF?

I'VE GOT TO BAIL OUT OVER THE DISMAL SWAMP WHEN WE SEE THE SIGNAL. BRING ME A PARACHUTE.



NOTHING BUT A BLOCK OF WOOD WRAPPED IN PAPER! MR. 'E'S GOT SOME NERVE.

THE KILLERS FIGURED A SMART SCHEME BY DEMANDING A HOSTAGE TO DROP FROM THE SKY WITH THE RANSOM.



WHAT IF THERE'S A G-MAN WITH A SHORT WAVE RADIO IN THAT PLANE, TUSK?

DON'T BE A DOPE, OTTO. **LOOK!!** A GUY IS BAILING OUT!



MY PLAN WON'T WORK IF THE WIND BLOWS US BEYOND THE SWAMP ISLAND AND THEY COME OUT FOR ME IN A BOAT.

WE'RE NOT DRIFTING MUCH. YOU'LL LAND ON THE END OF THE ISLAND.



**THERE HE IS -** NEAR THE BANK. HE'S GOT A PACKAGE!

**MAYBE IT'S DYNAMITE!** START SHOOTING, OTTO!



**ALLEY OOP!** DROOPS! NOW UP AND AT 'EM, TIM!



THROW THEIR GUNS INTO THE UNDERBRUSH AND THEY'LL BE HELPLESS!











THAT'S THE STUFF,  
FELLAS! WATCH OUT  
FOR MY FEET!!!



OUCH! BUT I MADE IT!  
SAVE A PIECE OF HIS FACE  
FOR ME, FELLAS!



AND THE THIRD KILLER  
TURNS OUT TO BE THE  
KIDNAP VICTIM. PROF.  
BYFIELD!

SURE-- HE HIRED  
HIS KIDNAPERS. THEIR FOOTPRINTS  
SHOWED THAT  
WHEN THEY REACHED  
THEIR CAR, BYFIELD  
WALKED AROUND IT-  
ALONE!



THERE'S A LANDING SLIP  
DOWN BY THE SAWMILL.  
TAKE US THERE, PROFESSOR  
**AND NO TRICKS!!**



*At nightfall..*

KEEP AN EYE ON HIM,  
SHERIFF. HE MIGHT TRY  
SUICIDE. I'VE GOT TO HURRY  
OVER TO SILVER SPRINGS.

BYFIELD'S ETHICAL  
REPUTATION IN  
MEDICINE WOULD HAVE  
BEEN RUINED IF HE'D  
TRIED TO PROFIT BY  
HIS DISCOVERY. HE  
PLANNED HIS  
KIDNAPING  
CLEVERLY.

HE'D HAVE  
GOTTEN  
AWAY  
WITH IT  
AND BEEN A  
HERO - IF  
YOU HADN'T  
SHOWN UP,  
MR."E".

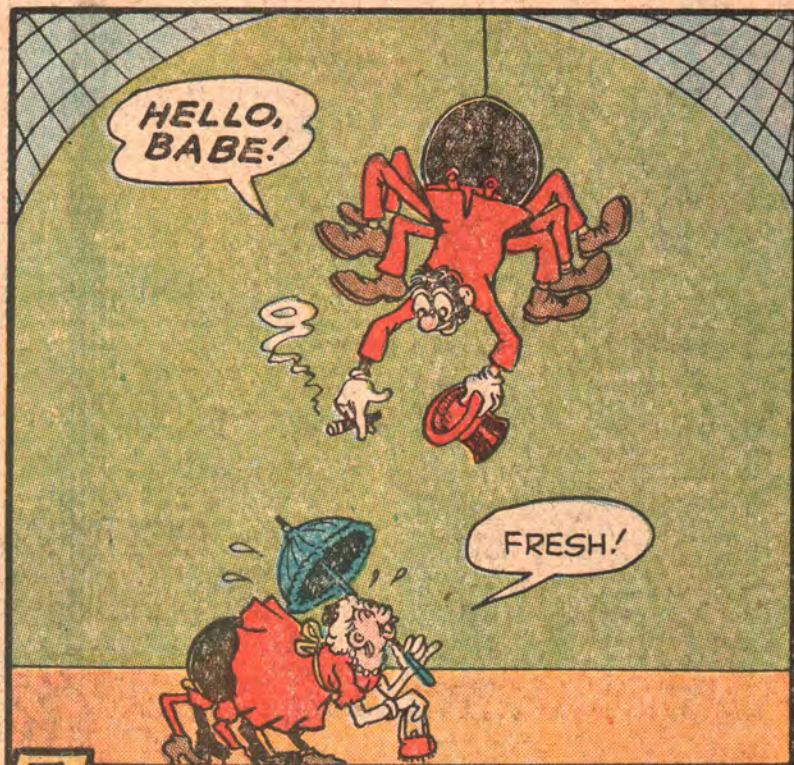
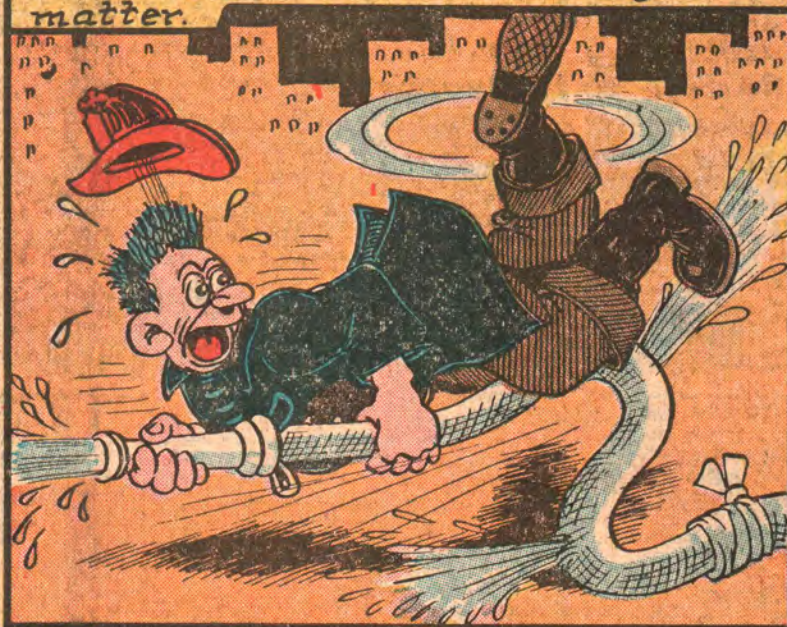


*When Mr."E" reaches home..*

ALL WISE AND POWERFUL KING  
KOLAH, I HUMBL Y REPORT  
THAT ONE KILLER IS DEAD,  
ANOTHER IS LOST IN A  
SWAMP AND A THIRD IS IN JAIL  
AWAITING TRIAL FOR MURDER!



**W**ater does not put out a fire because it is wet! It is used to shut off the oxygen and lowers the kindling point of the burning matter.



HELLO, BABE!

FRESH!

**T**he spider spins the finest and strongest thread there is. It has greater tensility than steel.

**It's  
FA**



**C**attle that get of exercise have meat than lazy

**MORE  
WOMEN  
THAN  
MEN  
LIVE  
TO BE  
70 YEARS  
OLD!**



I'M LE  
THAT'S  
HOT  
COM

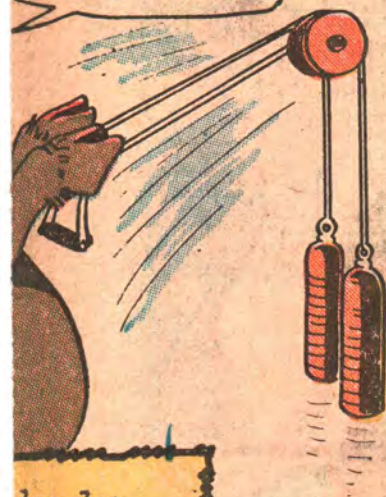


**T**wen  
minu  
boilit  
make  
water  
to d



# a CT

I SHOULD MAKE  
THE MARKET  
THIS YEAR!



plenty  
tenderer  
cattle.

AVING!  
TOO  
FOR  
PORT!

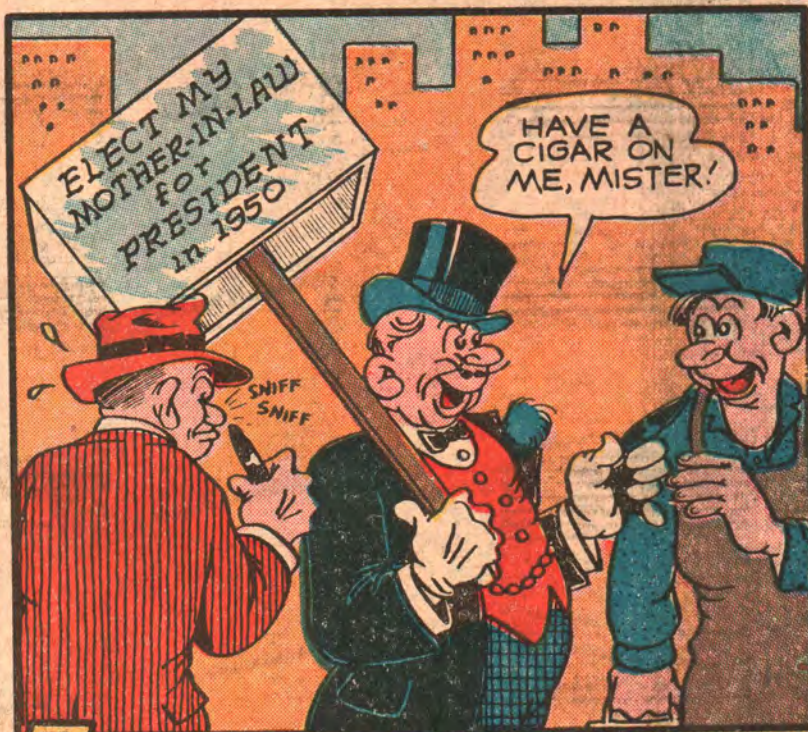
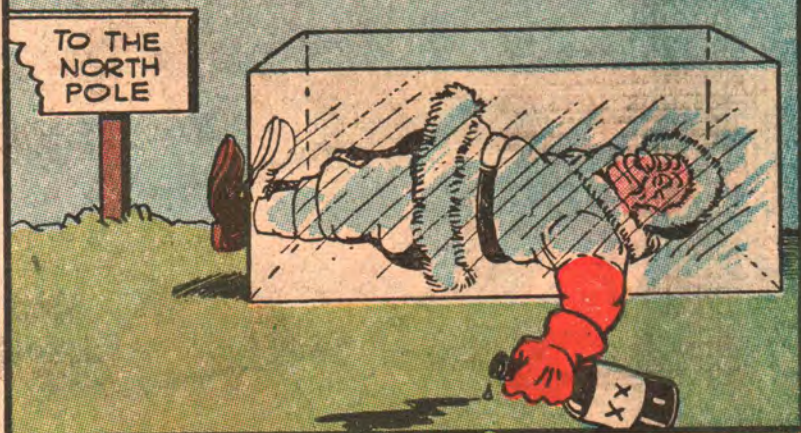


y  
es  
g will  
any  
safe  
ink!

**DIAMOND  
DUST  
IS  
THE  
HARDEST  
KNOWN  
ABRASIVE**



**A**lcohol does not warm up the body. If Arctic explorers used alcohol, they would freeze to death. It has the sensation of warming the body for it reddens and warms the skin. Actually, it causes the warm blood to rise to the surface of the body, where it is chilled and returns cold in the internal organs.



**E**very man elected to the presidency of the U.S. in the year ending in zero died in office. Harrison 1840--Lincoln 1860, McKinley 1900--Harding 1920--Roosevelt 1940

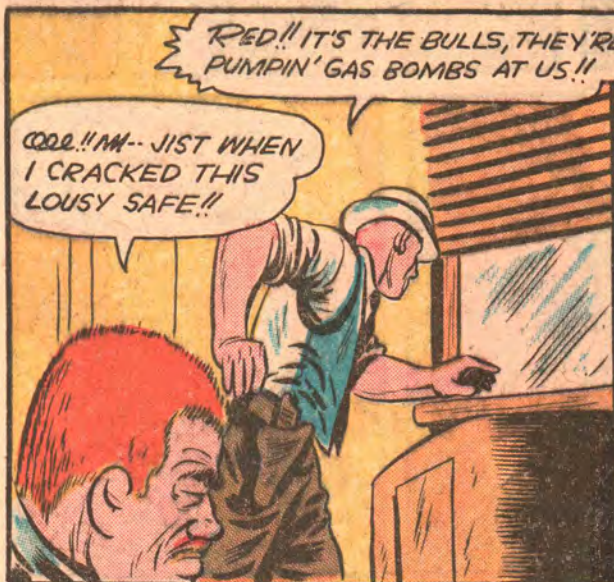


# Finish of a ... Tough Guy



Red O'Leary was a typical desperado in appearance ..... with his red hair, bristling moustache, and his ugly, heavy-jawed face .... While his huge neck and shoulders, his big head and powerful hands impressed one with his physical powers ..... He weighed nearly three hundred pounds, and his pals pointed with pride that he wore a bigger hat than any politician in America ..... Size eight and a quarter!











**R**ED WAS HELD IN LUDLOW ST. JAIL IN NEW YORK CITY, AND WAS VISITED OFTEN BY HIS WIFE, AND A FRIEND "BUTCH" McCARTHY....

WE GOT A FLAT IN THE TENEMENT NEXT DOOR...THERE'S JUST A WALL BETWEEN IT AND YOUR BATHROOM

GOOD WORK!

GOIN' UP T'THE BATHROOM T'WASH UP A BIT OFFICER!!

DON'T BE LONG RED!

ONE DAY, A FEW WEEKS LATER!

IF I LOOSEN THESE BRICKS, I SHOULD FIND THE TUNNEL THEY'VE DUG....HERE IT IS!!

GOOD WORK RED, YA MADE IT EASY!!

YEH, WELL LET'S BLOW BEFORE THEY FIND THE TUNNEL WE DUG!!

GLORY BE!!!...O'LEARY'S ESCAPED!!

GLAD YOU GOT OUR STUFF PACKED HONEY, NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!

AND, SO O'LEARY FLED TO EUROPE TO ESCAPE HIS JUST PUNISHMENT.....

BETTER STAY ON THE OTHER SIDE 'TIL THEY TURN OFF THE HEAT BACK IN THE STATES!









DUE TO THE  
FACT THAT  
THE EVIDENCE  
AGAINST O'LEARY  
WAS MEAGER,  
AND THAT  
RED HIRED  
TOP-NOTCH  
LAWYERS, THE  
STATE HAD  
TROUBLE IN  
PROVING  
THEIR CASE...

**AND**







DON'T BE TOO LATE TONIGHT, WILLYA RED!!

DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME BABY! CAN'T TELL WHEN I'LL GET HOME!!



WELCOME BACK RED! WHAT'LL YA HAVE??

HIYA RED!

EVERYTHIN' BOYS LET'S MAKE A BIG NIGHT OUTTA THIS!!



HOURS LATER, THEY ALL STAGGER OUT OF THE TAVERN!!

SHAY, LOOK!! HERE'S A BRICK BOYS!!



...UP SHE GOES FER LUCK!!

THE BRICK TOSSED PLAYFULLY INTO THE AIR, LANDS SQUARE ON O'LEARY'S SKULL!!



H-HOW IS HE DOC??

I'M SORRY.. BUT THIS MAN IS DEAD!!

THUS, BY A BRICK THROWN IN THE AIR BY 'BILLY' TRAIN, A DRUNKEN EX-CONVICT, THE LAWLESS, AND RIOTOUS LIFE OF THE NOTORIOUS "RED" O'LEARY CAME TO A VIOLENT, IF NOT TRAGIC, END, AND THE BALANCE OF JUSTICE WAS MAINTAINED!



THE

# ECHO



Bullets buzz like angry wasps when **THE ECHO** throws his voice at a pair of murder merchants. They can't put him on the spot because he's always heard, but seldom seen. **THE ECHO** knows that a live target is the best killer bait--but he finds it takes more than that to turn the tables on men who deal in **CORPSES--C.O.D!**



MISSED HIM AGAIN!

HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!



THE SECOND TIME - TODAY I'VE ALMOST BEEN STRUCK BY A CAR. MAYBE JANE WAS RIGHT IN HAVING THAT DOC COME TO GIVE ME A CHECK-UP!



BUT THE DOC JANE CALLED IN, DIDN'T GIVE ME A THOROUGH EXAMINATION. I'M GOING TO HAVE DR. DOOM LOOK ME OVER!



I THOUGHT DOC'S OFFICE HOURS WERE SEVEN TO EIGHT, CORA!

HE MAKES EXCEPTIONS, ECHO. THE MAN WHO JUST CAME IN LOOKS TERRIFIED-- AND IS TRYING HARD TO CONCEAL IT!



NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU, BILL. WHAT DOES YOUR WIFE THINK IS THE TROUBLE?

DON'T KNOW, DOC! SHE'S TELLING EVERYONE

THAT I HAVE DIZZY SPELLS, BUT I FEEL FINE!



HAVE YOU HAD ANY ACCIDENTS?

NO-- BUT TWICE TODAY I WAS ALMOST STRUCK BY A CAR!



JUST YOUR NERVES, BILL. TAKE THESE PILLS. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT.



THANKS, DOC. I'LL TRY TO GET MORE SLEEP!

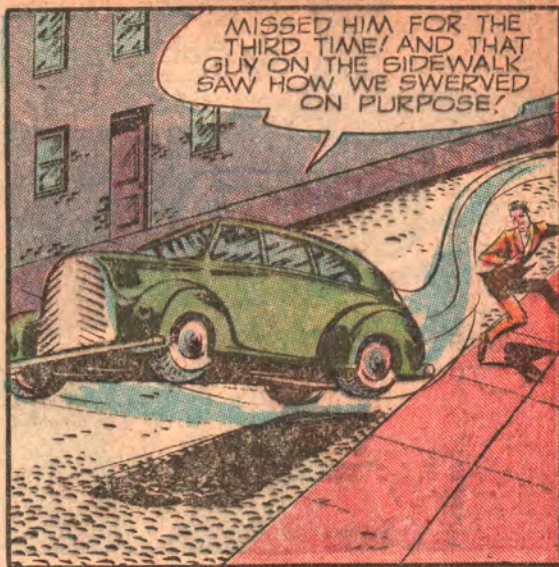
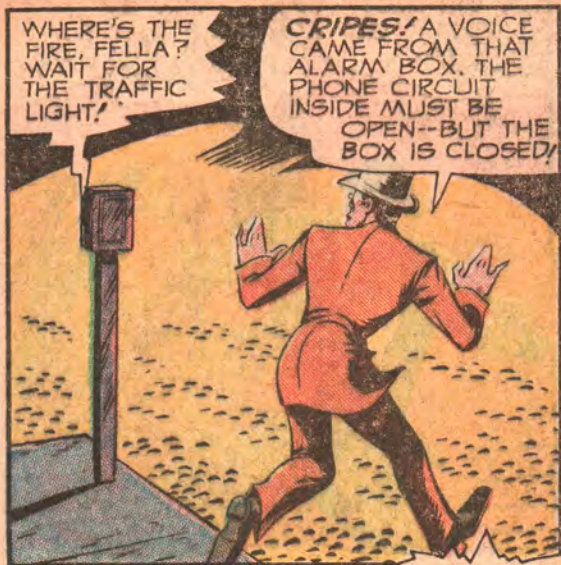


QUICK, ECHO! JUMP INTO YOUR SHOES AND SLIP ON A COAT! I WANT YOU TO FOLLOW BILL NORTON!

YOUR HUNCHES ARE ALWAYS HOT, DOC. I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!











BUT I  
HAVEN'T  
ANY  
ENEMIES!

SOMETIMES A MAN'S  
FAMILY OR FRIENDS  
CAN PROFIT BY HIS  
DEATH! DO YOU  
CARRY LIFE-  
INSURANCE?



LET 'EM HAVE  
IT, DUSTY! GO  
OVER 'EM  
GOOD!

DROP THAT  
CHOPPER AND  
REACH, CHUM!

WHA-?



SNEAK UP  
BEHIND ME,  
WILL YA?  
**THIS'LL  
SHUT YOUR  
BIG YAP!**

**NO, DUSTY!**  
THE VOICE  
CAME FROM  
OVER  
**THERE!**



HE STARTED  
SHOOTING  
AT US! WHAT  
MADE HIM  
TURN?

I DID!  
I THREW  
MY VOICE  
BEHIND  
HIM. DON'T  
MOVE UNTIL  
THEY DRIVE  
OFF!



I'LL GET THIS  
TAXI AND  
TAKE YOU  
HOME, WHAT  
ABOUT LIFE  
INSURANCE?  
GOT ANY?

NO. MY  
WIFE  
ASKED ME  
TO GET A  
POLICY. I  
TOLD HER  
IT WAS A  
WASTE OF  
MONEY.



At Bill Norton's apartment--

OH! I WAS  
WORRIED ABOUT  
YOU, BILL! WHO'S  
YOUR FRIEND?

**THE ECHO!**  
YOU'VE READ  
ABOUT HIM IN  
THE PAPERS. HE  
JUST SAVED  
MY LIFE!



YOU MUST TELL ME  
ALL ABOUT IT, ECHO!  
LET ME MIX  
YOU A DRINK!





**PSST! DON'T SLIP HIM THAT DRINK, BABY! WE'LL GET HIM WHEN HE LEAVES!**



**I PUT TOO MUCH SODA IN IT, ECHO! YOU'D BETTER MIX YOUR OWN!**

**THANKS, MRS. NORTON. ER, SAY, HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE? YOU USED TO SING, DIDN'T YOU?**



**SURE, AT THE SHORE CLUB. TONI GAVE UP A PROMISING CAREER TO MARRY ME, ECHO!**

**HO--HUM. I'D BETTER RUN ALONG, FOLKS. IF YOU NEED ME, I LIVE AT ONE-FIFTEEN CLINTON DRIVE!**

**HEAR THAT, DUSTY? WE'LL GET HIM OVER THERE! LET'S GO!**



**While the killers lie in ambush at the wrong address, The Echo works fast--**

**YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT NORTON, DOC. GET DRESSED QUICK! WHERE'S THE ECHO DUMMY?**

**IN THE SPARE ROOM CLOSET. WHO'S GUNNING FOR YOU?**



**TWO BIRDS HIRED BY NORTON'S WIFE TO RUB HIM OUT. HE TOLD HER I WAS THE ECHO, BUT EVEN SO I TRICKED HER INTO REVEALING HER GUILT!**



**WHERE ARE YOU TAKING YOUR PLASTER OF PARIS TWIN, ECHO?**

**TO THE REAR OF A BUILDING AT ONE FIFTEEN CLINTON DRIVE.**



MAYBE HE WENT  
TO THE  
COPS, OWL!

NO—HE'S A LONE  
WOLF. HE WILL  
SHOW UP ANY  
MOMENT.



AND DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT NORTON. HIS  
WIFE WILL KEEP  
HIM OUT OF  
MISCHIEF UNTIL  
WE'RE READY  
FOR HIM!

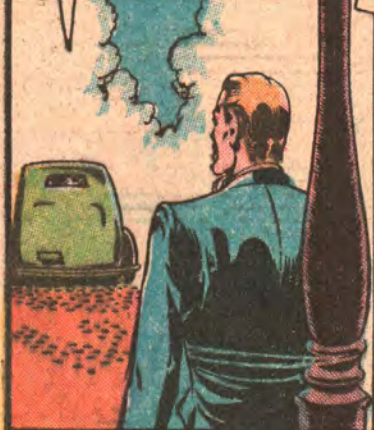
IF SHE DON'T  
WE CAN'T  
COLLECT OUR  
FEE FROM HER.  
**HEY! LOOK  
BACK THERE!**



THERE HE IS! I'LL  
MAKE A "U" TURN  
AN' YOU BE READY  
TO GIVE HIM  
THE BUSINESS!

I PHONED  
CAPTAIN  
HAGGERTY.  
HE'S SENDING  
TWO SQUAD  
CARS!

I'LL HAVE  
TO WORK  
FAST! THE  
KILLERS  
WILL SKIP  
WHEN THEY  
HEAR POLICE  
SIRENS!



HEAR THAT TOMMY  
GUN, DOC? THE  
DUMMY IS TAKING  
A TERRIFIC  
BEATING!

HE'S WEARING A  
BULLETPROOF VEST!  
JUST STANDS THERE  
LAUGHING AT ME!

DON'T LET  
HIM MAKE  
SAPS OUT  
OF US. AIM  
AT HIS FACE  
AND HEAD!



I FIRED ALL MY  
SHOTS. CAN'T SEE  
HOW I MISSED HIM.







OKAY, YOU PUNKS!  
COME OUT ON  
THE STREET WITH  
YOUR HANDS UP!

THIS WAY,  
OWL!  
QUICK!



YOU DIDN'T SAVE A  
SHOT FOR ME, DUSTY?  
I'M INSULTED!



THIS OUGHT TO  
MAKE YOU SADDER  
BUT WISER,  
MISTER OWL!

DUSTY STREIT  
AND THE OWL!  
WHAT A HAUL  
YOU MADE,  
ECHO!



SNAP THE  
IRONS ON  
THEM,  
INSPECTOR.  
WE'VE GOT  
ANOTHER  
PINCH TO  
MAKE!

HEY--WHAT'S  
THE IDEA?  
ECHO AND  
INSPECTOR  
GREGG  
DRIVING OFF  
IN MY CAR!

I THINK  
THEY'VE  
GOT A  
DATE WITH  
A VERY  
DEADLY  
DAME,  
CAPTAIN!



WHA--WHAT DO  
YOU WANT? BILL  
HAS GONE  
TO BED!

WE WANT TO KNOW  
HOW MUCH YOU  
PROMISED TO  
PAY DUSTY AND  
THE OWL FOR  
KILLING BILL!



I SEE IT NOW! THE  
DOCTOR YOU  
CALLED IN PASSED  
ME FOR A LIFE  
INSURANCE  
POLICY!

LET  
ME  
GO!  
YOU  
CAN'T  
PROVE IT!

NO?  
YOUR  
ONLY  
DEFENSE  
WITNESSES  
ARE DUSTY  
AND OWL--  
AND THEY'RE  
IN THE SAME  
JAIL WE'RE  
TAKING YOU TO!



# INVITATION *to* DEATH

A TRUE CRIME CASE

IN THIS STORY THREE  
LIVES END ABRUPTLY  
FOLLOWING RECEIPT BY  
ONE ARTHUR BANTA OF A  
MYSTERIOUS TELEPHONE  
CALL IN THE ELKS  
CLUB.....

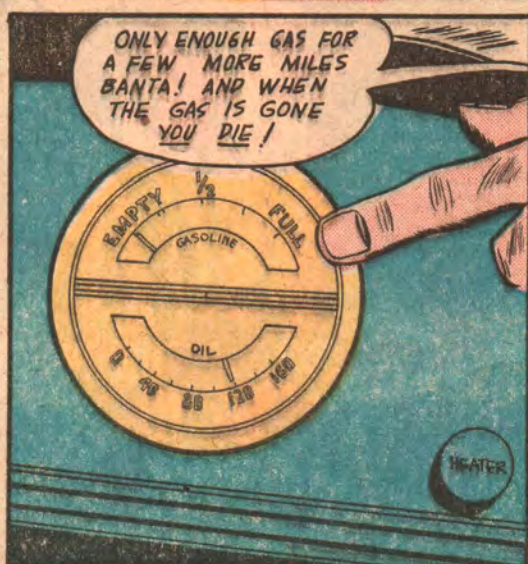
I PHONED BANTA  
AT THE ELKS' CLUB,  
NOW TO WAIT FOR  
HIM TO MEET ME  
HERE!



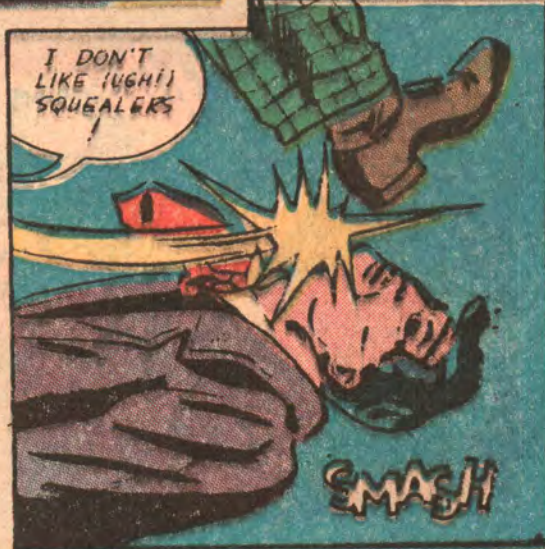
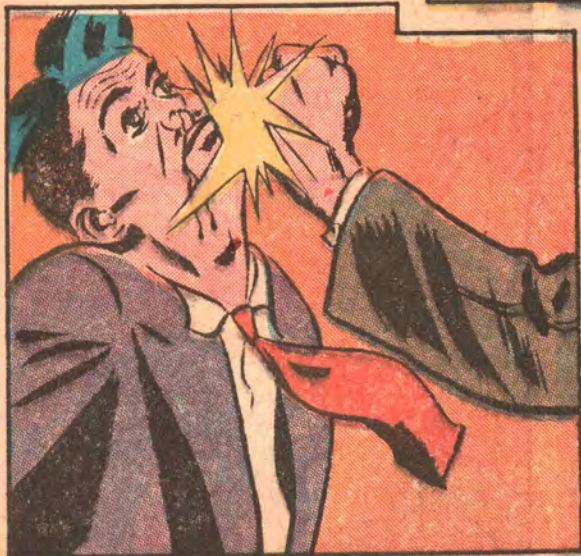
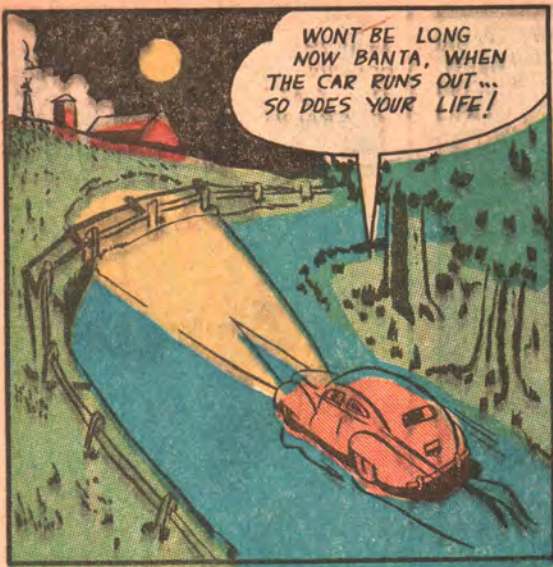






















# SIX SHOOTER SURPRISE

## TERRY'S COLT HAD TO BLUFF THE BANDITS' AIM!

The bandits climbed the trail onto the mesa and caught Terry Latham just as he rode down through the pass. Black Carson, the leader of the band, rode out from the tall timber and poked his gun into Terry's neck.

"Git 'em up," rasped Black Carson.

The cowpuncher eased himself in the saddle, released his hands from the reins and raised his arms. Carson took Terry Latham's six shooter from his holster.

Five members of Black Carson's band rode out and surrounded the roan on which Terry sat. Black Carson slapped his hands about Terry's waist and growled: "Come on. Yuh got gold on yuh. Where is it?"

"If yuh can't find it then it stands tuh reason that I ain't got it."

The bandit raised his arm and swung hard across Terry's mouth.

"We can make yuh talk," he said slowly, bringing the weight of his words to bear on the roving six-gun in his fist. "We seen yuh leave the bank with the sack of dust and we seen yuh go to the gal's cabin. And it ain't there."

Latham's tanned cheeks flushed to a bright copper hue.

"You coyotes—you been to Jane Oliver's cabin?"

"The same," replied Black Carson. "An' if yuh want tuh see her alive and safe, yuh'll start talkin'." He turned to the men. "Ride on tuh camp with this hombre, and keep yore hands on yore guns. We'll give him time tuh think."

With Latham surrounded, the bandits rode down the trail over the side of the mesa, along its base to a spot settled among a dozen huge boulders. It was a natural fortress, allowing only a single-file entrance between two large rocks. Carson directed Latham to go ahead of his men.

They were not kidding. Jane Oliver was there, her tawny hair tumbling over flame red cheeks. When she saw Latham her eyes flashed angrily.

"Terry!" she cried. "Don't tell them!"

Carson raised the lariat from his saddle, and holding it like a whip, struck the girl full across the face.

"Oh!" she cried. Tears came to her eyes through a tension that was trying desperately to hold them back.

"Yuh rat," said Terry. "All right, yuh win."

"Don't tell 'em!" cried the girl. "It's our stake for the future!"

Carson laughed. "Future! Yuh won't have no future if yuh don't talk."

"It's in the saddle blanket," Terry told them.

"Oh, Terry!" the girl said in dismay. "You shouldn't have—"

Carson ordered: "Git off yore horse." He stood, holding the gun he had taken from Latham.

Terry whipped his leg over the saddle. His boot caught the bandit flush in the jaw. Black Carson swore. Terry leaped down and grabbed his gun from Carson's hand.

"One move for the girl and I'll put a bullet through Carson's skull," he told the startled bandits.

The bandits hesitated uncertainly. Carson struggled and Latham brought the handle of the six-gun down behind the bandit's ears.

"Ride, Jane!" Terry shouted.

She looked at him uncertainly. "But you?"

Pushing Carson's limp form before him, he edged his way toward the opening.

"Take my horse along," he said.

He waited with Carson's limp form at his feet while the bandits gaped in awe at the escape that was happening before their eyes. Jane sent Terry's horse ahead and rode through the opening in the rocks.

Terry laid Carson across the opening, wedging him solidly between the boulders. Jane held the horse ready. Terry ran and jumped astride the animal.

They were across the mesa, heading for the timber before the bandits had got past Black Carson. They kept going straight for town.

"They'd shore be surprised, honey, if they knew I held 'em off with 'a six-gun loaded with gold dust and a belt full of bullets loaded with the same."



# BLOOD AND BLARNEY

## TOM CASEY HAD A NOSE FOR CRIME

Joe Blake, night superintendent of the Morgan Works, seemed to love the oil and grease more than anything, for it was all over his clothes, his face and his hands.

He said to Tom Casey, the special detective hired to guard the payroll, "Watch those kids, Casey. They carry twenty grand for the night shift's payroll and we don't aim to lose it."

Casey kept his hand on the gun in his pocket and followed the clerks who carried the leather satchel. He wondered why the Morgan Works would send two such youngsters out for a bag full of lettuce at night time.

Casey shrugged. Oh, well, it was their business. The kids carrying the satchel were as carefree as if they had been going to the store for their mothers. It made Casey uneasy and jumpy, for they were passing the darkest part of the route at the moment.

In sight of the factory Casey breathed more easily. It would now be only a few hundred yards more and they'd be safely inside the fence. But he did not realize that even then a big man was creeping up on him from the alley he had just passed.

Casey felt a sort of sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach as a rough arm grabbed him about the neck. He twisted his body and tried to yank his gun from his pocket, but the big arms clamped his own at his sides as if he were in a vise. It went through Casey's mind that the crook was crazy to attack him, for the kids were now on the lam and c. trying the dough with them.

But he changed his mind suddenly. The big man fired two shots from behind Casey and the kids went down. Casey wrenched himself free and came up with his right, but the thug sidestepped quickly, brought the barrel of his gun down on Casey's nose.

Casey's head swam and blood spurted from each nostril. He could do no more for the kids who had been knocked off so coldly than to hang on. He tried for his gun again, but the crook took it out of his hands as if he was taking candy from a baby.

The detective clinched with his opponent, who now, too, was breathing heavily. Casey managed to get in a right to the other's wind and then a left to the jaw. But that was as far as he got. The reverse of the crook's gun came down on Casey's head, back of the ear, and Casey went down.

He did not entirely lose consciousness, knew

only that the crook was getting away with the payroll, leaving three people on the ground, two of them probably dead.

His first thought after his head cleared was to wonder if the kids were alive. Inspection showed that they were dead without a shadow of doubt. He wondered, too, why the crook had not killed him. Then he remembered the other had used a large revolver and that the report had been muffled. A silencer! Then the killer had not fired a third shot because he had not wanted to make any more noise to attract attention.

Casey entered the factory gates and notified the guard. Then he went inside to report to Blake.

Blake sat open mouthed, listening, letting tobacco juice run down his chin. He was a coarse man. Casey felt the disgust in Blake's stare. Without answering directly, Blake phoned police headquarters. Then he called the comptroller of the company, got him out of bed and reported the loss.

Department heads and company officers and police swarmed into the plant within the next half hour. Blake's attitude seemed to imply that he might think Casey had had a hand in the robbery himself.

"Got any ideas, Casey?" he asked at last, staring through small, beady eyes.

Casey took his hand from his pocket and as he did he let his gun drop to the floor. Blake dove for it and Casey dug his heel into the back of the superintendent's hand. Blake yelled out an oath.

"I think we ought to look in your pockets, Blake," Casey said.

The comptroller started from his chair. "Come, come, man! Be sensible!" he shouted.

"Too bad," said Casey, "that Blake forgot to wash his neck. He's got my nosebleed all over it, in spite of his putting on a clean jumper."

Blake roared, rose to his feet. Casey kicked his gun across the room and as Blake reached for his pocket, the detective sent a hard right to the man's jaw. He folded and went down in a heap. Casey felt a wave of satisfaction come over him, as a wad of bills fell from Blake's jumper.

"I knew no ordinary crook could smell so strongly of grease and oil. As a matter of fact, Blake did wash his neck for once. There wasn't a trace of blood there, but he fell for the gag."



# Timothy **TRENT**

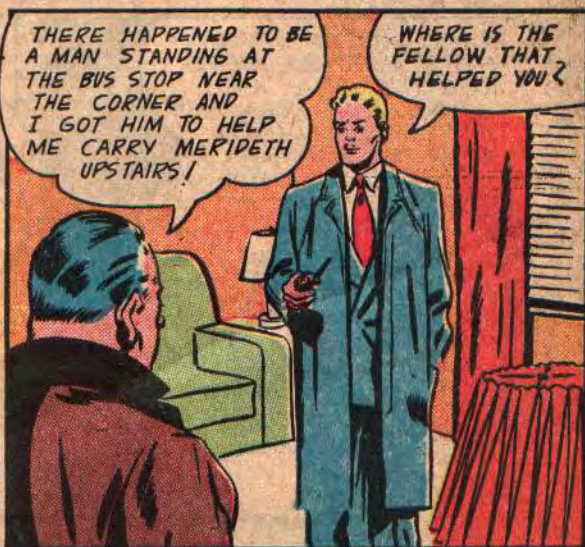
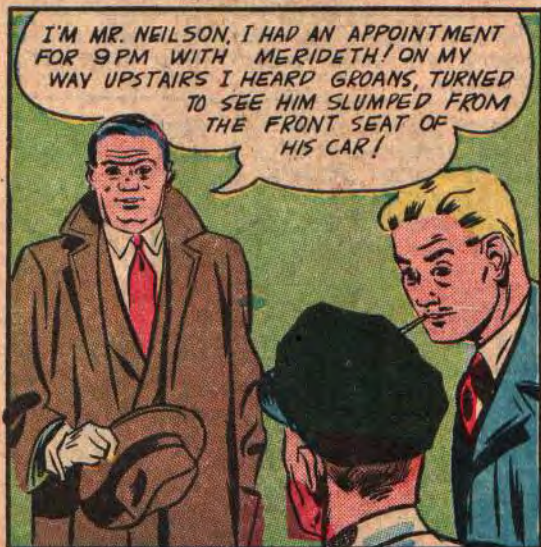
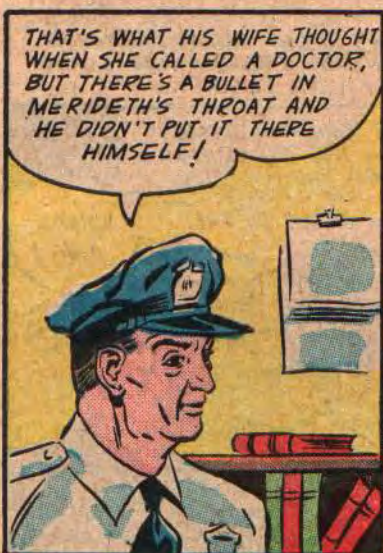
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**"PUT ME ON A  
MARBLE SLAB"**

TIMOTHY TRENT TRACKS DOWN  
A COLD-BLOODED KILLER...  
WITH A HEART! READ ON...











HE'S NOT  
HERE NOW!  
DID YOU ASK HIM  
HIS NAME?

YES! HE  
SAID WILLIAM  
SMITH I  
THINK.



GIVE ME A  
DESCRIPTION OF  
HIM, I'LL CHECK  
WITH THE BUS  
COMPANY!



TRENT GOES DOWNSTAIRS  
TO INSPECT THE CAR...

HMM... MERIDETH MADE  
A HABIT OF PUTTING HIS  
CAR AWAY AT 9 O'CLOCK.  
DID THE KILLER KNOW  
THIS?



HIS WIFE SAID HE DIDN'T  
CARRY MUCH MONEY ON HIM!  
HE CARRIED HIS KEYS IN  
HIS RIGHT HIP POCKET—  
IF THAT MEANS ANYTHING

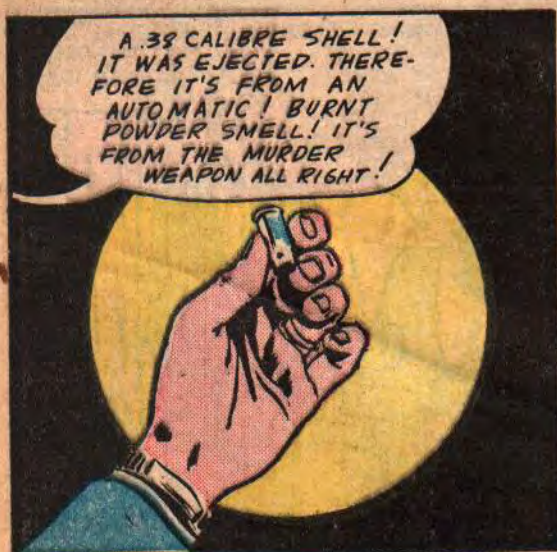
THIS IS SOME  
CHARIOT!



THE SEDAN'S RIGHT FRONT DOOR WAS  
STILL OPEN...AND THE RUNNING BOARD  
WAS STICKY WITH BLOOD....

MERIDETH WOULD NATURALLY  
GET IN ON THE STEERING  
WHEEL SIDE. THEN WHY DID  
HE OPEN THE OPPOSITE DOOR  
OR DID THE KILLER DO THAT?

WHAT'S  
THIS!



A .38 CALIBRE SHELL!  
IT WAS EJECTED. THERE-  
FORE IT'S FROM AN  
AUTOMATIC! BURNT  
POWDER SMELL! IT'S  
FROM THE MURDER  
WEAPON ALL RIGHT!



TIMOTHY TRENT RETURNS TO OLIVER R.  
MERIDETH'S APARTMENT AND CAPTAIN  
HEDMAN....

HE LIVED ABOUT TEN  
MINUTES AFTER HE WAS  
SHOT. THE BULLET PIERCED  
A THROAT ARTERY AND  
CAUSED VIOLENT  
BLEEDING!

THANKS DOC!  
FIND ANYTHING  
TRENT?





YOU FOUND THE SHELL FROM THE MURDER WEAPON! GOOD, THAT'S THE ONLY REAL CLUE WE HAVE!

LET ME KNOW IF ANYTHING ELSE TURNS UP!



CAN I LEAVE, CAPTAIN HEDMAN? I HAVE A BUM TICKER... THE SHOCK YOU KNOW!

OKAY, BUT DON'T LEAVE TOWN!



LATER AT THE MORGUE THE DOCTOR IS PERFORMING AN AUTOPSY ON MERIDETH'S BODY...



SUDDENLY

I'LL RELIEVE YOU OF THE BODY DOC! IF THERE IS NO BODY THERE IS NO CASE!



NOW TO GET RID OF THE EVIDENCE!



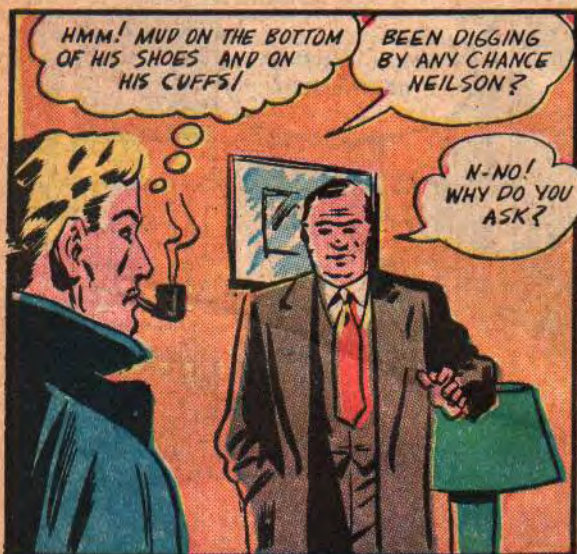
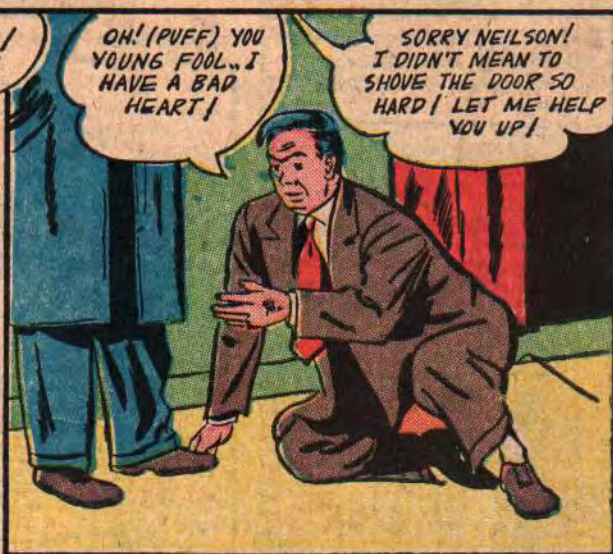
MEANWHILE TRENT HAS BEEN MULLING OVER THE FACTS OF THE CASE ....

LET'S SEE! HEDMAN IS CHECKING ON SMITH I THINK I'LL PAY MR. NEILSON A VISIT.

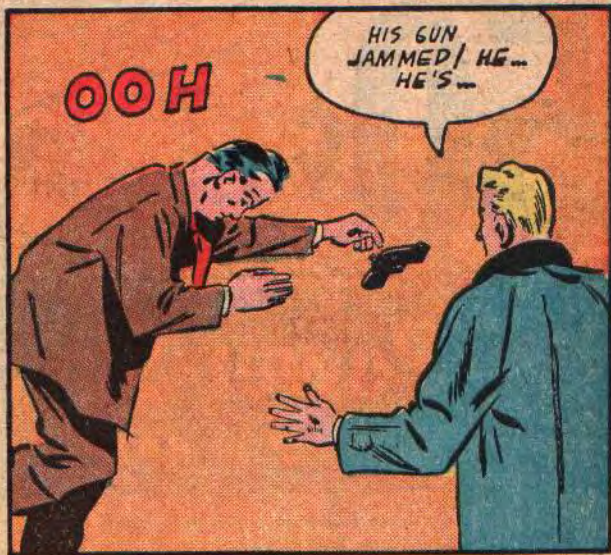


WELL HERE'S HIS HOUSE!















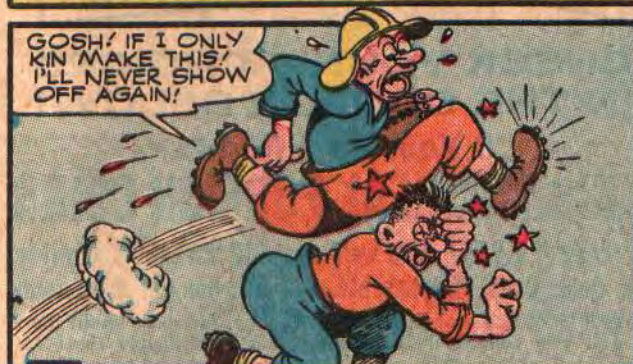
# It's a RULE



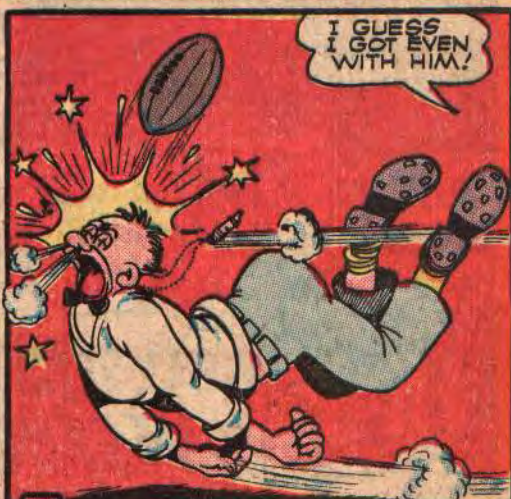
**A** team can only take three minute time-outs during each half.



**A**ll players must wear helmets and knee pads. Pads must be at least one half inch in thickness.



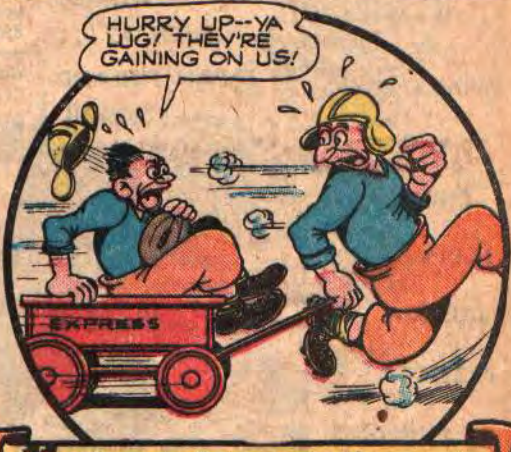
**M**urdling over a standing player is not allowed. It is permissable if a player is on his knees.



**T**he ball does not become dead if it strikes or touches any official while he is in the field or play or in the end zone.



**I**t is illegal to use a flying tackle in which a player dives or throws his body thru the air at the runner.



**N**o player of the team in possession of the ball may help the runner in any way except by interfering for him.



Calling All DICK TRACY Fans!  
Calling All DICK TRACY Fans!

Don't Miss This Chance of a Lifetime to get your

# DICK TRACY WRIST RADIO

For Only  
**\$3.98**  
Complete with  
Aerial and  
Ground Wires

*It Really Works*



The Most Amazing  
Invention You've  
Ever Seen!

No Batteries  
No Electricity  
No Tubes

You've Seen It In The Comics. . .

**NOW YOU CAN HAVE ONE OF YOUR VERY OWN!**

Here it is, kids . . . the one and only DICK TRACY Wrist Radio that actually tunes in stations many miles away! And it's yours to own for only \$3.98. Just think of the fun you'll have using it . . . listening to ball games . . . getting the lowdown on things the very moment they happen, no matter where you may be! With a DICK TRACY Wrist Radio you'll immediately become the most popular kid in town . . . the envy of the entire neighborhood! But remember our quantity is limited, so if you want to be sure of getting yours you had better **ACT NOW!**

**WEAR IT LIKE ANY WATCH . . . TUNE IT IN LIKE ANY RADIO**

Not just a dream . . . but a scientific reality! At last, radio engineers have developed a radio so compact you can wear it on your wrist. Specially built-in earphone assures private reception for your ears alone, and powerful crystal detector pulls in far-off stations. Comes to you complete with amazingly compact aerial and ground connections. Amuse yourself, amaze your friends! Get on the road to popularity! Clip the handy coupon and order your DICK TRACY Wrist Radio today!

**Supply Limited! Clip This Coupon and Mail!**

PARKER JONES, Inc., DEPT. 10-400 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.  
Please rush my genuine DICK TRACY Wrist Radio for only \$3.98. If not delighted I will return radio within 5 days for a complete refund!  
☐ I am enclosing \$3.98. Please clip postage.  
☐ Bill C.O.D. I'll pay postage \$2.58 plus postage.  
Shipment of 100,000 units. 10% State Tax. Price in Canada add 50¢. No C.O.D.'s.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



WHAT A FINE TOY THESE  
WRIST RADIOS MAKE -  
AND TO THINK THEY WORK  
WITHOUT BATTERIES  
OR TUBES!



AN! THIS PROGRAM  
COMES IN CLEAR AS  
A BELL.



THIS METAL WINDOW  
FRAME MAKES A  
GOOD AERIAL!



ON BOY!  
IT WORKS!



NOW I CAN LISTEN TO MY  
FAVORITE PROGRAMS  
WITHOUT  
DISTURBING  
ANYONE!





**BOYS!  
GIRLS!**

**Make Your Own Models OF  
DOGS, SOLDIERS - ANYTHING -  
THIS EASY NEW WAY!**

HOW DID YOU  
GET SO MANY  
SUPER INDIAN  
MODELS?

SIMPLE! RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS  
SENT ME THEIR COMPLETE  
MODELING KIT WITH  
EVERYTHING IN IT  
I NEEDED, SO...

... I JUST PAINT THE  
INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT  
WITH LIQUID RUBBER  
LIKE THIS!

LOOKS  
EASY!

YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE  
RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT  
OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER  
MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
DO WITH  
THAT?

JUST POUR MODELING  
POWDER INTO IT, THEN  
WHEN IT DRIES, I  
REMOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT  
MAKE A CAST  
OF THE INDIAN?

YUP - JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I  
PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN  
MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS  
ONE MOLD... SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN  
REPRODUCE ANYTHING  
WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.

GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE  
FUN. I'M GOING TO OR-  
DER ME A KIT TODAY!

**NOW! NEW MOLD-ART KIT CONTAINS EVERYTHING YOU  
NEED—FUN TO DO—EARN MONEY AT THE SAME  
TIME... NO ART SKILL NEEDED**

Here's more fun and excitement than you've ever known before! This amazing Rubber-For-Molds complete Mold-Art Modeling Kit contains everything you need to reproduce statuettes, plaques or any other models quickly, easily and at a sensational low cost. Just coat any subject with the liquid rubber in the kit, allow it to dry, strip it off... and you have a mold that can be used to make hundreds of castings like original subject. Kit includes Indian warrior model to start you off. New improved illustrated, easy-to-follow book of instructions (50¢ value) makes it simple to make your own models. Start new fascinating hobby—even make it profitable! Order your introductory trial kit today.

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**\$1.49**

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Modeling toys, novelties, statuettes, bookends, etc. in spare hours. Great hobby brings fun and opportunity for big profits. Send coupon for trial kit including big new instruction book showing how to mold all kinds of objects today.



Kit contains 50¢ value Instruction Book, 14 Different Items—Everything You Need! Famous Indian warrior model in flight; chairs; generous supply of finest liquid rubber; modeling powder; base on which to mount subject; shellac for fastening to paper; brush for spreading rubber; extra brush; sand; mortar and pestle; dusting brush; spatula; palette; colors to paint models.

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6044 Avondale, Chicago 31, Illinois

Please send me your complete RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS Modeling Kit, including the Instruction Book, for which I will pay postman only \$1.49 plus postage. Send \$1.49 with order, we pay postage. I will return Kit in 10 days if I am not satisfied and you will refund my \$1.49.

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Address

City  State

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, Inc., Dept. 175 6044 N. Avondale, Chicago 31, IL





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HOW KNOWS WHAT I LIKE BEST—  
COOKIES MADE WITH Baby Ruth!

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Bake 'em!

RECIPES ON EVERY WRAPPER

## Good Fun :

**Baby Ruth** makes friends quickly! Bite into the luscious chewy candy bar with its rich chocolate coating and get a real taste-treat! **Baby Ruth** is satisfying, nutritious, and so good to eat!

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Leave it to the ladies (any age) to know how **Baby Ruth** helps pep up lagging energy! Rich in dextrose, sugar your body uses directly for energy, and other vital nourishment, **Baby Ruth** is welcome any time!

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